



No. 318.—VOL. XXV

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1899.

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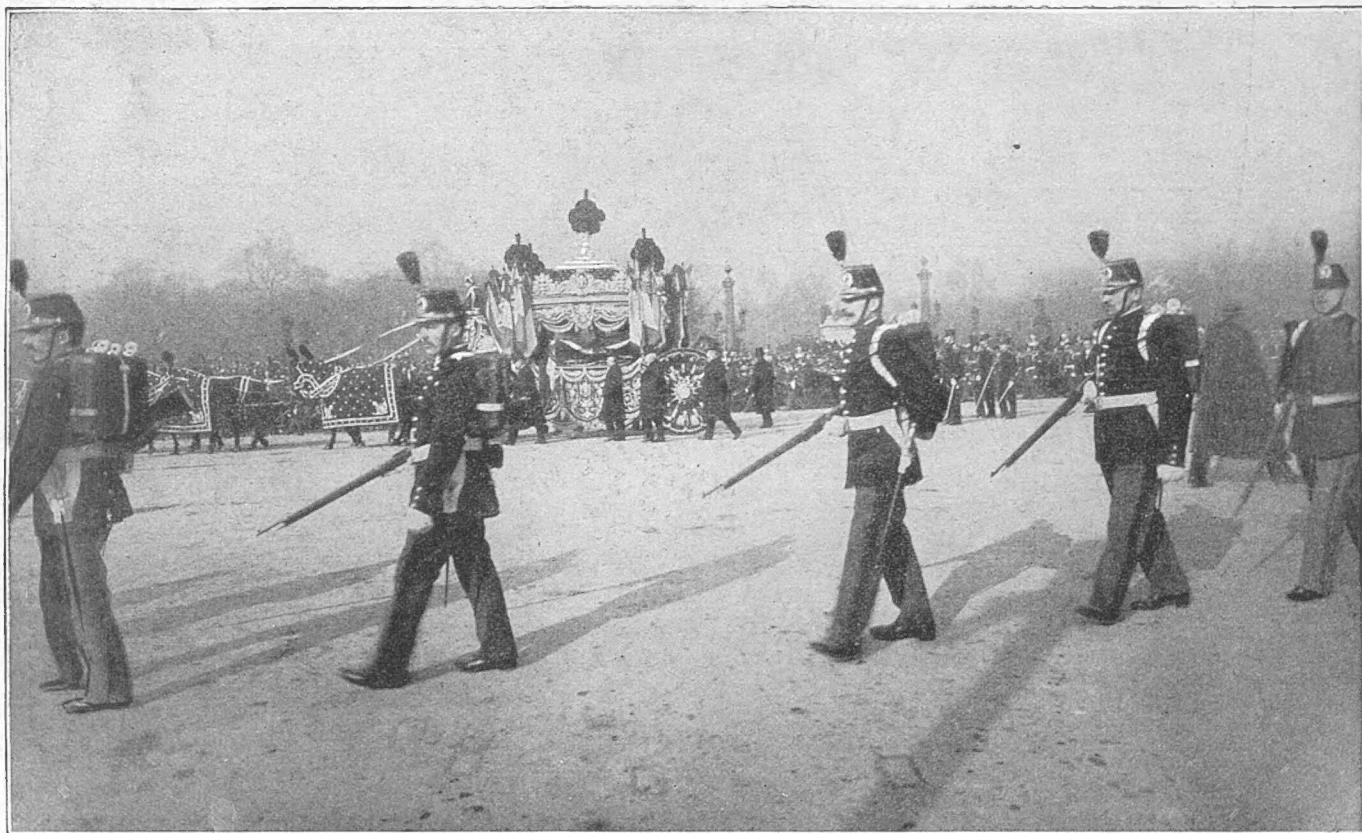


THE FUTURE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

*John Albert Edward William Spencer Churchill, Marquis of Blandford, is the eldest son of the Duke of Marlborough, and has, of course, Vanderbilt blood in his veins. He was born on Sept. 18, 1897, and is a very winning little boy, fair of complexion and sturdy of build. At first sight he bears no striking likeness to either father or mother. In profile, however, he is somewhat like the Duchess, who is devoted to both her small sons. The miniature was painted by Mrs. Massey, who makes a specialty of doing children's portraits. She has also painted Lady Evelyn Cavendish's children, whose eldest son will some day be the Duke of Devonshire; as well as the children of Major Charles Burns, and herself with her little daughter.*



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, WHO PRODUCED JOHN OLIVER HOBBS'S NEW PLAY,  
"A REPENTANCE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE YESTERDAY.



THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE PASSING THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

## "THE WINTER'S TALE," AS PLAYED IN MANCHESTER.

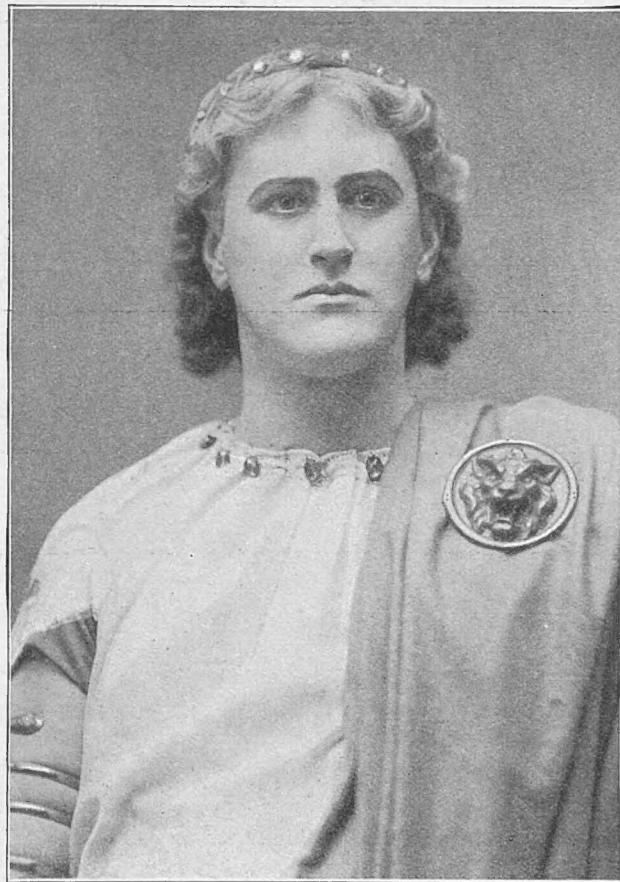
From Photographs by Percy Guttenberg, Manchester.



MISS MAGGIE HUNT AS HERMIONE.



MR. FRED MORGAN AS AUTOLYCUS.



MR. PHILIP CUNNINGHAM AS LEONTES.



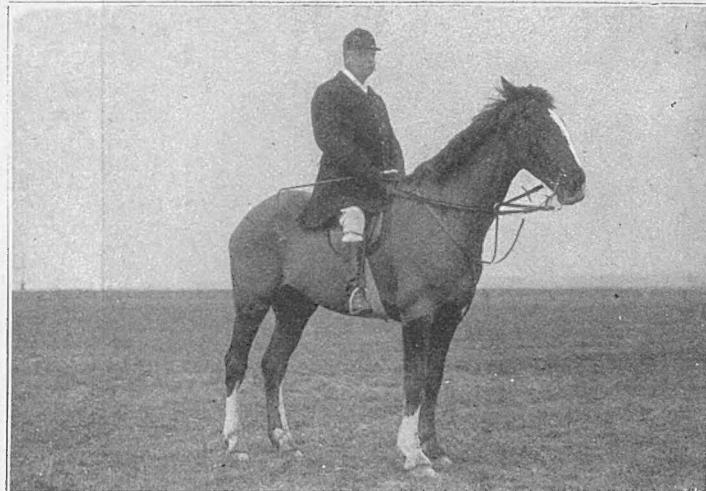
MISS EDITH B. STAPLES AS PERDITA.

Mr. Richard Flanagan has revived "The Winter's Tale" at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester. The comedy was first performed in 1611, the next recorded performance being in 1741. Garrick cruelly mutilated the play and put it on the boards, and Mrs. Siddons, Macready, Helen Faucit, Charles Kean, and Kemble have also figured from time to time in more or less excellent revivals. The last revival in London was that of Miss Mary Anderson, who in October 1888 was seen in the piece in Manchester. Since then Mr. Ben Greet gave a performance in Manchester, in 1895, with Mr. H. B. Irving as Leontes. It was in "The Winter's Tale" that Miss Ellen Terry made her débüt (as Mamillius).

## THE WATERLOO CUP.

*From Photographs by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.*

The Dog Derby—for the Waterloo Cup is nothing more or less—took place at Altear on Friday, and resulted in the victory of Mr. E. Rogers's Black Fury, who carried off the coveted Cup by beating the Duke of



MR. R. BRICE, THE JUDGE.

Leeds' Lapal. The finals of the Cup were as follows: Bootiman delivered his charges behind a good hare upon equitable terms. Lapal was the quickest to settle into her stride, and reached her game nearly two lengths first. The hare breaking sharp back, Hesper became placed,

Country representative held his place for a big sequence of telling points before bringing off a fine kill, and beat his opponent pointless. In the deciding course, Lapal and Black Fury struggled neck and neck for some fifty yards before Black Fury began to forge ahead. Gradually leaving the brindled in the rear, the favourite was nearly two and a-half lengths in front for the first point, and, continuing in selfish possession, he never left the issue in doubt, and finally knocked the hare off its legs for Lapal to kill, a most one-sided victory. Black Fury is a second season greyhound by Mad Fury—Mischief X., and was trained by Frank Hall at Hendon, Middlesex. Mr. E. Rogers bought him as a sapling for ninety guineas. Black Fury filled Mr. T. Tyler's nomination in the Cup of last year, but, being a very late puppy, he failed to do more than win one course in the stake, and was put out of the Plate in the first round by Rockford. This season he has performed consistently well, and at Sleaford his style left a great impression on the minds of good judges. Black Fury will probably next year fill the nomination of Mr. T. Tyler, the popular Loughborough sportsman. Much sympathy was expressed as to the bad luck experienced by the Duke of Leeds in having to put up with second place for the second year in succession. Last year his Lang Syne ran up to Wild Night. Hesper, which was put out by Lapal in the semi-final, was badly handicapped by the gruelling course he ran with Rare Luck in the third round, and exhibited no fire on Friday. The Plate was carried off by Wild Oats, which defeated Prescot in the final course, but the latter was evidently deteriorating



DUKE OF LEEDS.



BLACK FURY, WINNER OF THE CUP.

but Lapal was soon again in possession, and having fully three-fifths of a dodgy trial, was a good winner when she brought off the kill. Excited cheers greeted the fact that Black Fury was leaving his opponent in the lurch. Gaining the turn with quite a two lengths' advantage, the South



LAPAL, RUNNER-UP IN THE CUP.

each course that he ran. Wild Oats was put out of the Cup by Genetive in the second round, and the latter, it will be remembered, afterwards succumbed to Lapal. Not much interest attached to the Purse, which was divided between Quite Bright and Countess Udston.



SPECTATORS ON THE BANK.



T. BOOTIMAN SLIPPING A BRACE OF DOGS.



Photo by Madame Lallie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

#### MISS EVA LYNNE.

Miss Eva Lynne, who played with such distinction and charm the part of the Princess of Soudania in Mr. Oscar Barrett's latest pantomime, is a young actress of great promise. The artistic merit of her performance has gained her an immediate engagement abroad, where she will have opportunities of completing her musical education. Miss Lynne has a very sweet soprano voice. It is a coincidence that the Princess of Soudania should have been played by one of the very few English girls who have visited the Soudan. When in her teens, Miss Eva Lynne stayed with her father for some time at Suakin, in a house placed at their disposal by Lord (then Colonel) Kitchener. This was at the time when Osman Digna was giving much trouble, and Miss Lynne has many thrilling adventures to narrate. Her appearance was also very suitable to the part, for she has dark, expressive eyes, an abundance of jet-black hair, and her face is a distinct type of Oriental beauty. Another of Miss Lynne's experiences is the ascent of Mount Etna, right to the edge of the crater. She has also travelled extensively through Spain and Italy.

**H A Y M A R K E T - T H E A T R E.**  
EVERY EVENING at 9. THE MANOEUVRES OF JANE. By Henry Arthur Jones.  
At 8.10 A GOLDEN WEDDING. Doors open 7.45.  
MATINEES TO-DAY (Wednesday), March 1, and EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15.

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TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (Doors open 7.45).  
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Sole Lessee and Manager.  
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A Comedy in Four Acts by John Oliver Hobbes.  
At 8. A REPENTANCE, an Original Drama in One Act by John Oliver Hobbes.  
MATINEES TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.  
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Street, Liverpool; 34, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; or to Rud. Falck, General European  
Agent, London.—City Offices, 49, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; West End, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.;  
and 23, Water Street, Liverpool.

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Richly Illustrated. Cloth, 6s.  
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By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R. Coll. Phys. Lond., &c. Part I.—Contents: Evils of Corpulence—  
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any age—Quack Medicines, Purgatives, or Outward Applications fatal, dangerous, temporary, or  
useless. Evils of Overeating and Sedentary Habits—Food in its Relation to Work, Exercise, &c., &c.  
Part II.—Dietetics of Obesity.

*Opinions of the Press.*—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of  
obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "This is the very best book on Corpulence that has ever been written."—LADY.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

The LISTS are NOW OPEN, and will close for Town and Country on or before THURSDAY, the  
2nd day of March, 1899.

Mr. G. A. TEE, of Cossack, estimates the ore in sight on the combined Properties at 100,000 tons.

According to the Expert's opinions, the percentage of Copper, in some cases, runs as high as  
30 per cent., but, taking it at the more moderate one of 10 per cent., it will be seen that the  
ore reserves, estimating Copper at only £60 p. r. ton, are worth £600,000, or more than double  
the whole capital of the Company.

Mr. JOHN ANGOVE, M.E., late of the Rio Tinto Copper Mining Company, Limited, the well-  
known Copper-mining Expert, has reported upon the properties to be acquired. He says,  
referring to the Mons Cupri Mine, from samples, he judges "the general average ore to go  
12 per cent., by selection 20 per cent., and the thickness of the lode averages six feet." He  
also says, "You will for a long time require but little machinery, having at first the whole  
hill to develop, and when you will require it you will be able to purchase out of profits." He  
says of the Balla Balla Mine: "You have all the indications of a strong masterly lode running  
through your property for its whole length." "The lode is here (at the outcrop) about  
ten feet wide," "with careful and experienced management, this Mine should almost pay its  
way at once."

**THE BALLA BALLA COPPER MINES, LIMITED.** Incorporated  
under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898. Capital £250,000, in Shares of £1 each, of which the  
Vendor has agreed to take £150,000 in Shares on account of the purchase consideration.

ISSUE OF 100,000 SHARES.

Payable—2s. 6d. on Application;

2s. 6d. on Allotment;

5s. One Month after Allotment;

5s. Two Months after Allotment;

And the balance as and when required.

DIRECTORS.

T. W. WILLIAMS, Esq., J.P., L.C.C., The Lawns, Burgess Hill, Sussex; and Constitutional Club  
(Chairman).

J. B. WHYTE, Esq., 99, Ridgway, Wimbledon; and Reform Club, Pall Mall; late Member of the  
Legislative Council of New Zealand.

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Putney, S.W.

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SECRETARY and OFFICES.—E. A. FOSTER, Esq., 6, Great St. Helens, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company will acquire, work, and more thoroughly develop three valuable Copper Mining  
Leases covering an area of about a hundred acres, and known as the Balla Balla, Mons Cupri, and  
Egina, in North-West Australia.

The properties have been fully and exhaustively reported upon by the following well-known  
mining Experts, namely, Mr. John Angove, M.E., late of the Rio Tinto Copper Mining Company,  
Limited; Mr. F. M. Perkins, M.E., late of Swanson, and of Roebourne, N.W. Australia; Mr. C. H.  
Wilson, Manager of the Mallina Mining Company; Mr. Joseph Brown, M.E., and Mr. G. A. Tee,  
of Cossack, N.W. Australia.

Mr. John Angove says—

MONS. CUPRI.

"From various samples which I took from the different faces opened out, and taken without  
any regard of the richer or poorer parts of the lode, but taken from foot to hanging-wall, I judge  
the general average value to be for Copper 12 per cent., but by selection the ore, for export, should  
be easily raised to 20 per cent., and a large quantity of this class is now in sight, and can be  
quickly and cheaply broken."

Mr. G. A. TEE says—

"On the North-East face of Mons Cupri a shaft has been sunk 74 feet, average width of lode  
4 feet, and carrying 17 per cent. of Copper."

"On the Western side of Mons. Cupri trenching has opened up rich pockets of ore; on this  
side also a shaft is being sunk which shows a strong lode, about 4 feet wide, averaging 12 per  
cent. Copper, and this is being followed on the underlay."

"Altogether, I am of opinion that this Mons. Cupri property will prove one of the richest  
smelting mines in Australasia, and it compares most favourably with those mines which are  
paying large dividends on 42 per cent. Copper."

Mr. JOHN ANGOVE says—

BALLA BALLA.

"With careful and experienced management, this mine should almost pay its way at once."

Mr. PERKINS says—

"The ore bodies are large and development will prove the Leases well worthy of expenditure.  
I have, therefore, the greatest pleasure in recommending the property to any company that may  
be formed to develop it."

Mr. JOSEPH BROWN says—

"The property contains an immense lode of comparatively high-grade Copper ore, containing  
as it does Gold and Silver in payable quantities; all these advantages add to the future  
prosperity of the mine."

Mr. G. A. TEE says—

"There is a large blow or deposit of rich ore on this Balla Balla ground only waiting to be  
broken down. Two shafts have been sunk, one of which has gone through the lode (about 7 feet  
wide) at 16 feet, and development work is being actively carried out."

Mr. F. M. PERKINS says—

EGINA.

"This is a remarkably rich property, although smaller than the Mons Cupri. I question whether  
there is a Copper Mine in existence that has such a high percentage for all ore raised and shipped."

The Directors rely upon the opinions of the Experts who have already reported upon the  
properties as to their profitable nature.

Some indication as to this is shown by the following results of the smelting of 155 tons of ore  
shipped from the Egina Mine—

28 tons 14 cwt. . . . .	25 1/2 per cent. Copper.
21 " 4 "	26 1/2 "
29 " 14 "	25 1/2 "
5 " 12 "	27 "
9 " 9 "	28 "
30 " 0 "	26 "
31 " 0 "	25 1/2 "

Or equal in value to over £15 per ton of ore.

Of the Capital of the Company, 50,000 Shares are set aside for the provision of working capital,  
and not less than £15,000, part proceeds of the present issue, will be so applied.

The purchase-price has been fixed by the Vendors (who are selling at a profit) at £200,000,  
payable as to £150,000 in Shares of the Company, £25,000 in cash, and the balance in cash or  
Shares at the option of the Directors. The Vendors pay all expenses attending the formation of the  
Company, including registration, down to the first general allotment of Shares.

Mr. G. A. TEE, of Cossack, has consented to act as Legal Manager of the Company in  
Australia.

The only contracts entered into by the Company is one dated the 24th day of February, 1899,  
made between the Stock and Debenture Corporation, Limited (the Vendors), of the one part, and  
the Company of the other part, being the agreement under which the Company purchases the  
properties. The Vendors have entered into a contract for the purchase of the property agreed to  
be sold to the Company, dated the 17th day of February, 1899, and made between John Sydney  
Hicks of the one part, and the Vendors of the other part, and also into contracts relating to the  
formation of the Company and the issue of its Shares, but every applicant for Shares will be  
deemed to have waived all claims whatever consequent upon the dates of and the names of the  
parties to such last-mentioned contracts or any other contracts by the Vendors not being set out  
in this Prospectus, and allotment will be made upon this condition.

The above-mentioned contract for purchase, the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and  
the original reports can be seen by intending applicants for Shares at the offices of the Company's  
Solicitors, at 37, Conduit Street, W.

The statements and opinions set forth in this Prospectus are based upon the reports of the  
Experts, and information in possession of the Directors.

Applications for Shares shall be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus, or by  
letter, which shall be deemed to be upon the terms of this Prospectus, and sent to the Company's  
Bankers, Martin's Bank, Limited, 68, Lombard Street, E.C., together with a remittance for the  
amount payable on application.

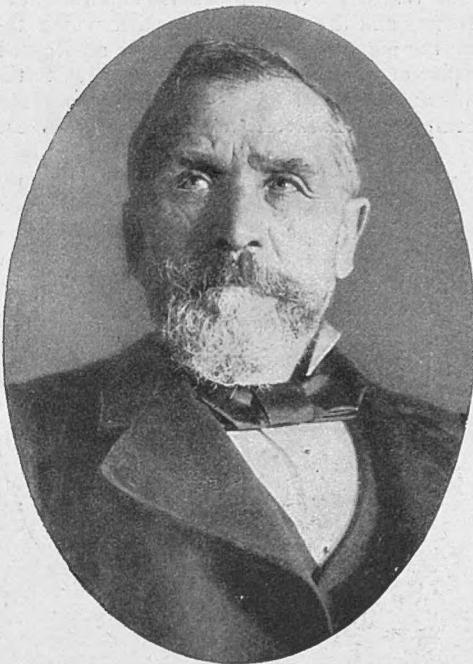
If the whole amount applied for be not allotted, the surplus paid on application will be  
appropriated towards the amount due on allotment, any balance being returned. Where no  
allotment is made, the deposit paid on application will be returned in full.

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained at the offices of the Company, or from its Bankers,  
Broker, and Solicitors.

London, Feb. 24, 1899.

## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

M. Loubet has been installed at the Elysée after some trouble, and M. Faure has been buried amid much disgraceful gossip. This portrait of M. Loubet shows him as he is to-day. The one I gave last week—hurriedly sent to press—was an early portrait of the President.



M. ÉMILE LOUBET.

The absence of Mr. Chamberlain from the House of Commons has deprived it of much of its interest. Even his opponents miss him. The House can ill spare any man of piquant personality. It becomes more commonplace every year. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain are two of the most interesting of its old fighters who are still left, and the former is away in what is described as the "Sunny South," while the latter has been silenced for a time by gout and influenza.

Of the new members, the most interesting is Mr. Rothschild. It is

difficult to realise that he is only thirty-one; he is so stout, and has a considerable beard. He is very fair, with a pleasant, smiling face. Following the traditions of his great house, Mr. Rothschild treats members of all sections with the same amiable, agreeable manner. His interests are in zoology, but he attends regularly to the Parliamentary duties which he has undertaken, and, like the late Ferdinand de Rothschild, he chats in the Lobby with all sorts and conditions of men. He is thoroughly modest and unaffected. Another member who will be watched with interest is Count Moore, whom Londonderry has restored to the House of Commons. A quarter of a century ago, he voted with Isaac Butt against the existing system of Government in Ireland, but he is almost unknown to the younger Parliamentarians of the present day. Mr. Dillon's friends gave him a cold reception when he returned to the House. The Count has been elected as a Nationalist, but is not pledged to abide by the decision of the majority of the Parliamentary party. Birmingham's new member in place of Mr. Chamberlain's brother-in-law, Mr. Kenrick, is not expected to take a prominent share in debate. Mr. Middlemore is advanced in years, and appears to be of a quiet disposition. His face is that of the refined type of business-men. He is a patron of art, and has earned honourable distinction by his services to waifs and strays.

The Hon. William John George, who now owns the title of Lord Napier and Ettrick, in succession to his father, the distinguished diplomatist, and for many years the personal friend and correspondent of Prince Bismarck, has, like his sire, enjoyed a long career in the Diplomatic Service. The present Lord Napier and Ettrick was born in 1846, and twenty-three years later was nominated Attaché, and was appointed to Athens in 1870. In 1871 he was transferred to Berlin; in

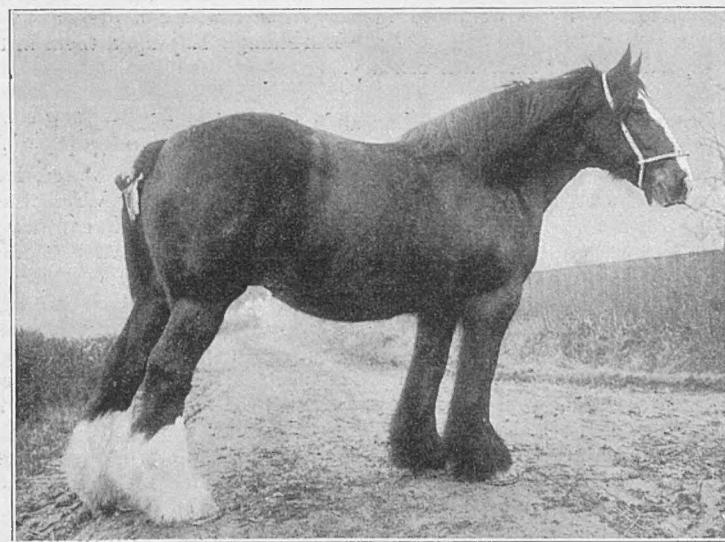
1873 he was promoted to third secretary, transferred to Madrid 1873, and Berlin 1875. In 1876 he became second secretary, and in the following year was transferred to Lisbon, and to Brussels in 1883, where he was Acting Chargé d'Affaires four times. He was promoted Secretary of Legation at Buenos Ayres in 1886, was transferred to Stockholm in 1887, and to Tokio, Japan, in 1888. Lord Napier, who is a Deputy-Lieutenant of Selkirkshire, has been twice married, his second wife being a daughter of Sir James Clelland Burns, late of Glenlee, Hamilton.

By the time this appears, Mr. Choate, the new Ambassador for the United States to the Court of St. James's, will have landed, for he left

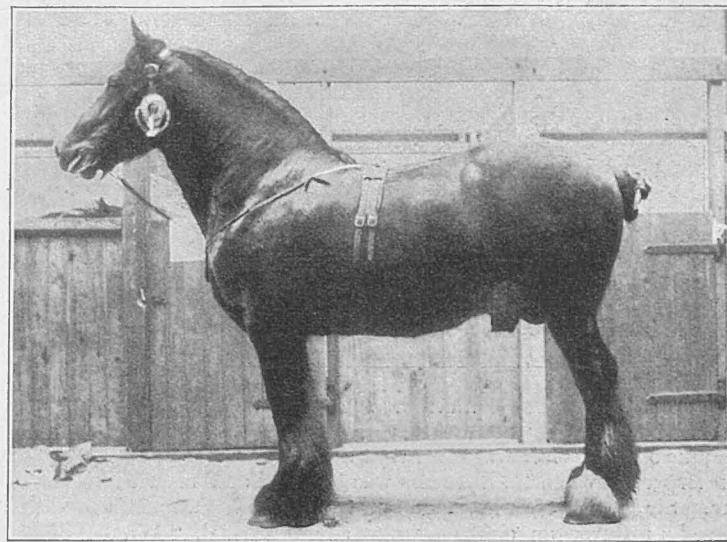
THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, THE HON. JOSEPH CHOATE.  
Photo by Hollinger.

New York early last week. He may expect a hearty welcome in the present state of feeling between the two countries.

The Shire Horse Show at Islington mustered the greatest number of horses ever seen there. The Prince of Wales was not lucky, but the champion mare was bred by him. Messrs. W. and F. Thorn exhibited their new station brougham at the show. They showed the broughams ordered by Mr. Walter Long, M.P., and Mr. Frederick E. Coleman, of North Park, Epsom Downs, and a one-horse cabriolette, named, by kind permission of Lord Marcus Beresford, the "Beresford."



SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE'S SHIRE MARE, DUNMORE GLOAMING.



MR. A. HENDERSON'S SHIRE STALLION, BUSCOT HAROLD.

The marriage of Mr. William Heinemann to the author of "Via Lucis" (Kassandra Vivaria) took place on Wednesday at Anzio, near Rome. The bride's real name is Donna Magda Stuart Sindici; she is twenty-two years old, was born at Caserta, and is the daughter of a former officer in the Italian Army and of Donna Francisca Stuart, first cousin of the

Duke of Berwick and Alba. It will thus be seen that Mrs. Heinemann is, in a way, a connection of two royal dynasties. The first Duke of Berwick was a son of James II., and one of the bravest soldiers engaged in the conflict with England after the Revolution of 1688. The present Duke is the nephew of the Empress Eugénie. If the Stuart royal family and the Empress of the French suffered from the Germans—in one age from the House of Brunswick, and in another from the House of Hohenzollern—Mr. Heinemann evidently proposes to restore the balance. He is of German origin, and

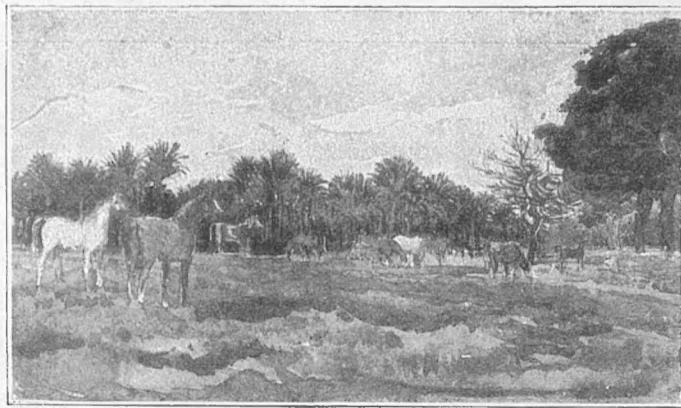
commenced life in England in the house of Trübner, whence he went to start in business for himself in Bedford Street, Strand. He is now generally recognised as one of the most popular and successful of our younger publishers. Mr. Heinemann has himself written two plays.

Another marriage interesting to literary people is that of Miss Judith Blunt and Mr. Neville Lytton, which was celebrated in the Egyptian desert. Miss Blunt is the great-granddaughter of Byron, and Mr. Lytton, who is just twenty, the grandson of Lord Lytton. The bride's father, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, is familiar with Egypt, for he has a big estate there where he breeds the Arab horses he loves.

The late Sir Lambert Playfair, K.C.M.G., who completed his diplomatic career as Consul-General at Algiers, retired to St. Andrews in 1896, where he passed away on Feb. 18, in his seventy-first year. He always maintained that his native city was the finest residential town in Europe. It was the perusal of the travels of "Abyssinian Bruce" that sent him to Egypt while still a young man. There he met Colonel (afterwards Sir James) Outram, who chose Playfair as his assistant when Political Agent at Aden, paying him the compliment that, of all others of his acquaintance, he could most readily trust him for the efficient performance of the duties required. In his retirement at St. Andrews, Sir Lambert beguiled his leisure by writing some account of his experiences in Aden, Perim, Somaliland, Algiers, and Abyssinia. Three instalments of these "Reminiscences" have been issued in *Chambers's Journal*, and three more have to appear. One of the most romantic episodes which will appear in the April *Chambers's* will relate the story of the marriage of Bibi Salemah, sister of the Sultan of Zanzibar, to a European gentleman, with whom she eloped, and who died at the opening of the Franco-Prussian War while getting out of a tramcar in Paris. She learned English, and the last letter he had from her was dated from Berlin in 1884. Sir Lambert was thrown in their way in a curious fashion on board a vessel bound for Aden. Mr. R., whom this Arabian Princess married, was on board, and had thrown up his business in Zanzibar for



MRS. HEINEMANN.



MR. BLUNT'S ARABIAN STUD AT SHEYKH OBEYD.

this purpose. Playfair was present at a double service in Aden, and acted as interpreter when the Princess was baptised and married at the same time. Sir Lambert walked through the native bazaar at Cairo with her dressed in European clothes, when she remarked, "What would the Seyed Saced have said could he have seen a daughter of his walking, with

face uncovered, between two Christians in a Muslim Bazaar?" She wrote her memoirs, under the title of "Memoirs of an Arabian Princess." One wonders as to her after career.

The late Maharajah of Durbunga, Sir Lakshmishwar Singh, G.C.I.E., who has been succeeded by his brother, was one of the premier Hindu noblemen of British India, and was distinguished alike as a philanthropist and as a statesman. Born in 1856, he succeeded to the title and estates at the early age of four, and during his long minority remained under the guardianship of the Court of Wards, his education being superintended by an English tutor. The fluency and the pure accent with which the Maharajah spoke English, and the marked interest he took in all English sports, were as striking a feature of his character as his devotion to the religion and the customs of his ancestors. No Oriental more successfully combined the apparently incompatible characteristics of East and West.

Sir Lakshmishwar Singh was especially famous for his philanthropy. During the disastrous famine of 1873-74, more than fifty lakhs of rupees (£400,000) were contributed by him towards the relief of the sufferers, and the arrangements made upon his vast estates were so admirable that many of them became models for the measures adopted by the Government. In the recent famine of 1897, again, the Maharajah's benefactions exceeded thirty lakhs of rupees, in addition to large remissions of rent to his tenants. There was scarcely a public movement in India to which the deceased nobleman did not make a princely contribution, and he will be remembered in England for his munificent gift of Rs. 50,000 (£3500) to the funds of the Imperial Institute.

He is succeeded by his brother, Maharajah Rameshwar Singh, who was born in the year 1858, and was for some years in the Statutory Civil Service. The new Maharajah, like his predecessor, is an accomplished English scholar, and thoroughly imbued with Western principles of government. He has lately been elected to a seat on the Viceroy's Legislative Council in succession to his brother.

The estates of which Maharajah Rameshwar Singh now finds himself the ruler extend over an area of 2152 square miles, with a net yearly rental of twenty-six lakhs of rupees, or £250,000 in English money. The palace and gardens of Durbunga have long been known as among the show-places of Bengal, and were honoured by a visit from Lord Dufferin during the term of his Viceroyalty. The capital, Durbunga, is the civil station of the district. It is a large and thriving town, with a population of about seventy thousand, chiefly Hindus. The title of Maharajah Bahadur has been enjoyed by the Rajahs of Durbunga since 1808, when the then Maharajah Chatter Singh was formally recognised and invested by the British Government; but, according to "The Golden Book of India," the origin of the family dates from the reign of the Emperor Akbar, whose lieutenants they were in Behar, and who bestowed the Durbunga Raj upon them in the early portion of the sixteenth century.

Probably not many of the thousands of tourists who pass through Paris every year, and are civilly asked to "declare" if they are carrying illicit spirits, perfumes, cigars, or other forbidden wares, have any real knowledge of the "tricks and manners," as Jenny Wren would call it, of those who make a business and profit of smuggling in contraband under the keen noses of Octroi officials. But, as a matter of fact, extreme ingenuity is every day expended for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of these devoted inquisitors. Metallic wreaths arranged apparently to hold flowers, but in reality snug receptacles for "spirits," false hips, false bustles, false—other things—in which lovely woman had intended to secrete forbidden fruits, even a collection of bricklayer's tools, cleverly hollowed out for extraneous fluids, are all arranged for inspection on the shelves of a little museum in the Hôtel de Ville. Needless to add, the collection is not open to the public, whose chevaliers of industry might therein read a wrinkle or two for future guidance. But by writing for a permit to the Director of the Octroi of Paris, a visit can be easily arranged to one of the most noted illustrations of misapplied ingenuity that one could meet in a day's walk.



TWO FAMOUS INDIAN NOBLEMEN.

Photo by Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.

My best congratulations to Mr. G. F. Watts, who completed his eighty-second year on Thursday. Mr. Watts is old in point of years only. In spirit he is young, as his recent proposals for the beautifying of London imply. Not that he lives much in London nowadays. He spends most of his time at his Guildford home, quaintly named



THE MORTUARY CHAPEL WHICH MR. G. F. WATTS HAS GIVEN TO THE PEOPLE OF COMPTON, SURREY.

Limnerslease. Surrey, indeed, owes much to Mr. Watts, for he gave a mortuary chapel to the parish of Compton. The chapel was designed by Mrs. Watts, and every detail carried out under her personal superintendence. The fine terra-cotta work, with its wealth of symbolic design, was moulded in Mr. Watts's studio by the members of the class held weekly at Limnerslease, and fired in a miniature kiln erected in the garden; the oak door, the ornamentation of which represents Man's Destiny, was carved in the village, and its fine iron mountings wrought in the smithy. Recently the inhabitants of Compton presented Mr. and Mrs. Watts with a splendidly bound album containing an address of thanks and a series of photographs of the dedication of the chapel by the Bishop of Winchester.

The Torpids at Oxford came to an end last Wednesday, leaving Balliol head of the first division. New College contested the place stoutly once or twice, but on the other days Balliol finished by more than their distance. The illustration I reproduce shows the Christ Church II., Queen's, and Oriel boats. It also proves that the exhilarating though noisy pastime of running with the boats was a wet job this year owing to the floods. Still, the old tradition was bravely maintained, and the toilers at the oar were, as of old, cheered and directed by—

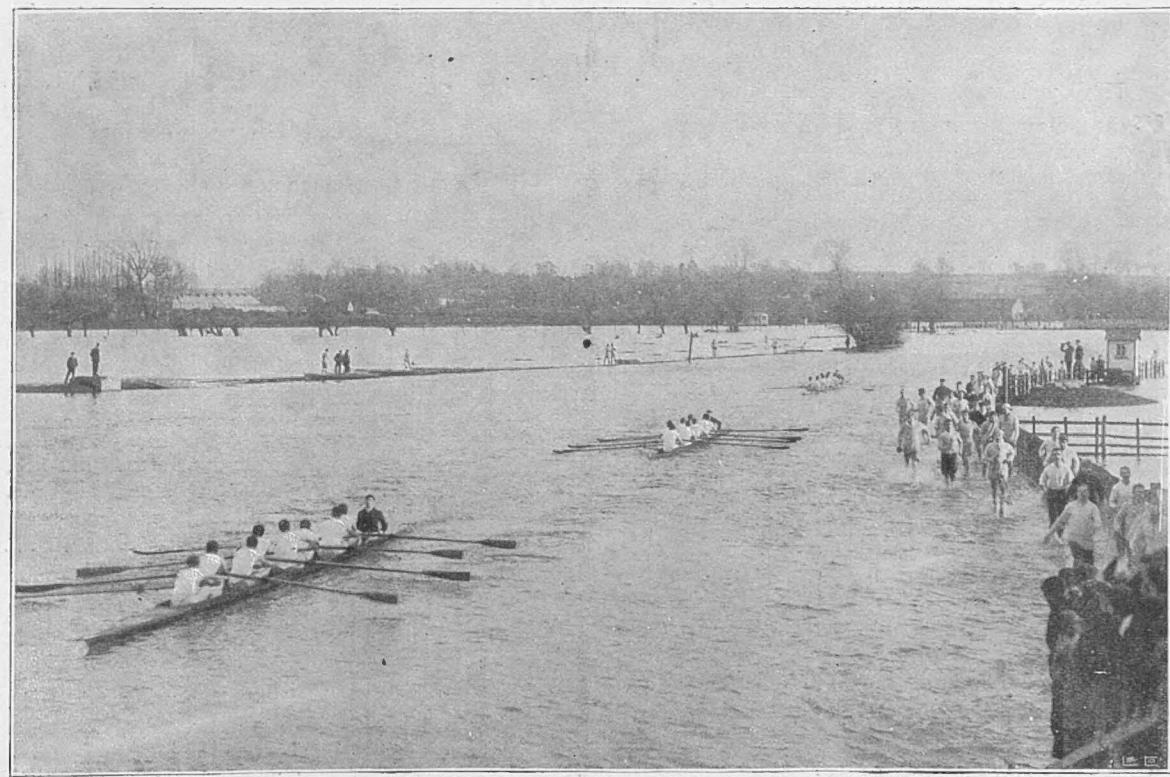
... the sound of drum and gong,  
Rattle, and pistol, from the stream  
Where sharp-nosed vessels leapt along.

These lines, by the way, appear in the current *J. C. R.*, the most recent of undergraduate magazines, which I am favoured with every week. The verses occur in "The Ballad of a Don," a rather happy parody of Mr. Davidson's manner. "From the stream," taken in a strict sense than the bard intended, is peculiarly significant at this season when the waters prevail.

I am told that the season now about to end has been a very bad one for the decoys. It has not been a good one for the bold men who venture out over the waters where some river meets the sea, and are content to pass the small hours of the night in comparative misery for the sake of a single shot at daybreak. They, at least, have no great expense, and their time is their own, or they would not be there. The cost of a decoy, on the other hand, is fairly heavy, and the owners would have good right to grumble if every season were as the one ending next week. When it opened, there was little or no water to be had, and any fowler will tell you that, so soon as a wildfowl feels its feet, progress is stopped. I have watched scores of birds through the reeds, pausing at the entrance to the netted pipe, and refusing to follow the decoy ducks, because the water was not deep enough. When the water did come at last, there was no cold weather, and the birds were not driven inland. The only thing that will bring sea-birds inland in mild weather is a fog. When they can't see their way, many birds, including even black geese, will fly at random, and light miles inland. This does not help the decoyman much, and he is inclined to set down the season of 1898-9 as a disastrous one.

The Ladies' Club at Cannes is one of the most noted centres of social life on the Riviera, and may be said to occupy a very similar position abroad to that of the Empress Club at home, being a purely social institution, and not given to improving the members' minds with lectures or debates, after the unreposeful manner of other institutions. On Tuesday a dance and admirably arranged cotillon foregathered many members and their friends who are basking in Mediterranean sunshine at the moment. Several smart dinner-parties were given beforehand, as dancing did not begin until 10.30; and among the various groups were the Duke of Cambridge, Lady Galway, Lady Lepel Griffin, Admiral FitzGeorge, the pretty Comtesse de Pouttales, the Marquise de Galliflet, Captain and Miss Green, Prince and Princess Orloff, Miss Watney, Miss Fraser Tytler, Mr. Brantingham, and the Baron de Saint-Genest. Princess Orloff's splendid gown of pink miroir velvet, with a tunic of real lace, was perhaps that to which the palm was due for beauty; but the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Mulholland, in white satin with silver embroideries, was exceedingly well-turned-out; while Lady Griffin, being one of those fortunate beings who look charming in black, appeared in one of the new paillette dresses of that colour with great success. Lord Edward Manners, Mr. Woodhouse, and Mr. Ferrier-Kerr were among the dancers, and, as usual, the cotillon was led by that general favourite, Vicomte Léon de Janzé, whose cheerful personality seems entirely indispensable to any smart function on the Riviera.

In Rome, Lent has not altogether put a period to the doings of that gay world which loves to amuse itself, and though the penitential season is poetically subscribed to by dainty little "maigre" dinners at the Grand, a certain number of more or less *sub-rosa* meetings are already arranged, which chiefly take the harmless form of concerts or charades, to be followed, however—on an unwritten understanding—by "just a little dance, you know." A member of one of those historic families which have made history in Rome is the reigning beauty of this winter's season, and since Donna Leria Orsini appeared lately in some private theatricals, which took place at the Palazzo Altemps, in aid of a charity, her undoubted talent for acting has swelled the chorus of praise which before that did homage to her good looks.



Christ Church.

Queen's.

Oriel.

THE TORPIDS AT OXFORD.  
Photo by Taunt, Oxford.

We are unaccustomed to expect much enterprise from modern Greece, but, for originality and energy, the *Romeos*, or Greek *Punch*, fairly bears the palm. Issued week by week for fifteen years, it has gone on prospering in its own way, in spite of the apparently insurmountable difficulties which threatened to make it ephemeral in more senses than one ("ephemera," in Greek, appropriately enough, in many instances means "newspaper"). The only times that this semi-political comic has failed to appear regularly are the summer holidays, when the whole staff takes its vacation. But this can scarcely be grudged when it is considered that the contributor, the illustrator, editor, publisher, and the rest are included in one man, who not only writes the articles, but puts them, and even the editorial notices and advertisements, into rhyme, so that the paper is in rhyme



THE "ROMEOS" NEWSPAPER.

from title to colophon! It is said, moreover, that, though so well informed in Greek politics, the editor (and the rest) never reads a single exchange, but keeps his ears open and so gathers what is going on, and forms his own opinion on the news. As a specimen of the unique manner in which this paper is conducted, I take this (free) translation of the head-lines—

## THE "ROMEOS" NEWSPAPER WHICH IS WRITTEN BY SOURIS.

Fifteen years have known our name, wet and fine,  
In the temple city of ancient fame, still we shine,  
And the world is squabbling just the same, in '99.  
But though it's strange, we've made a change,  
Letters and subs. and orders, please,  
Send straight to me; I take the fees.  
Our terms aren't dear, eight francs a-year,  
Ten francs when we are sent abroad;  
And credit, observe, I can't afford.  
The year is nine days old to-day,  
And it finds the old man alive and gay.  
646 this number makes,  
And every word distils  
As precious health for him who takes  
As — Pills.

Have you ever noticed the strains of the bagpipes being wafted across the Thames from the Shot Tower? I discovered the other day that they—Mr. Dewar's two stalwart pipers who act as commissioners in full Highland costume—are wont to play on the wharf for practice. By the way, the Dewar Concert, the other night, was a big success. The band of the Scots Guards was there, and a whole host of well-known people appeared, including several members of the Savoy company, Miss Ada Reeve, and others.

I think the most artistic trade catalogue I have ever seen is one which has just been issued by Warings, written in two languages (English and French), and printed in two colours. The illustrations, mainly photographs reproduced by process, are very beautiful, and the printing is first-rate. It is a pleasure to handle a book like this, and I can imagine a collector hoarding it up, for it forms a most valuable index to the furniture and decoration of to-day, and shows how we are advancing in art furnishing.

The boom of the poster-collecting craze puzzles me, although it undoubtedly exists. I notice that the *Circular*, which Messrs. Huardel, of Cranbourne Street, issue, is rising in price, while a volume of the *Poster* is marked "scarce" in the catalogues. This month it appears with some charming reproductions (in colour) of the Beggarstaff Brothers' curious work, which has been so much imitated. The Huardels note that there is at the present time an interesting Exhibition of Posters in Berlin, and that a proposal is on foot to establish a Museum of Posters in Paris that they trust may be realised. Such a museum has already been founded at Buda-Pesth. It appears that Spain has a well-established school of poster-artists, the greatest of whom is A. de Riquer.

A national memorial to Millais is about to be started under the distinguished auspices of the Prince of Wales and other men of light and leading. Millais' own work is, of course, his best and most lasting memorial; but, in addition to this, the committee are desirous of erecting a statue of this most virile of our modern painters. There was, I hear, some hope that such a statue would be admitted within the walls of the Metropolitan Cathedral, but, this scheme having fallen through, there is talk of the memorial finding place at the Tate Gallery, where some of the artist's best-known works have their permanent home. Mr. James Knowles, of *Nineteenth Century* fame, will, I understand, be the hon. treasurer of the fund.

Mr. Curtayne Sullivan has been for twenty years on the staff of the *Birmingham Mail*, and so his colleagues gave him a dinner. Everyone present at the dinner

was a member of, or a regular contributor to, the *Mail*. Mr. Sullivan sketched the origin and early history of the paper, how it was started in the time of the Franco-Prussian War to try and cut out the London *Echo*, which was being sent down to Birmingham in large quantities. In a very small way the *Mail* commenced, the proprietors saying that they should be well satisfied if it attained a circulation of six thousand, with two columns of advertisements. Now it is one of the most, if not quite the most, powerful of provincial evenings, with a daily sale of over one hundred and fifty thousand, a large six-page paper every Saturday, and any amount of advertisements. The *Mail*, too, has probably supplied more men to the London Press than any other single paper in the country.

The Press Ball, which took place in Berlin a few days ago, proved, as usual, a great success. Most of the chief celebrities in the literary and artistic world were represented, and among the guests were the Ministers von Wilmowski and von Bülow. Graf von Wedel and his wife also put in an appearance. The Philharmonic Hall was crowded, and there was not much room for dancing. Some of the gowns were very pretty, and one notices more and more how much the German womenfolk have improved in the matter of dress these last five years. Each guest on arriving was presented with a copy of the paper the *Stage and the World*, prepared specially for the occasion. There were pretty programmes, and the overwhelming passion of the German race at the present moment was amusingly illustrated: each lady was presented, at the same time, with a dozen pictorial postcards, souvenirs of the ball! Dell' Eva, the ever-green *prima ballerina*, danced a small ballet, to the delight of the throng, and, afterwards, there was a Tombola, at which nearly everyone won, and, consequently, nearly everyone had to have prizes. Thus dancing did not begin till after midnight, when, luckily for the dancers, the room became somewhat less crowded.

Monsignor Coccia, Archbishop of Chieti, who was Archbishop of San Domingo in 1877, has just written a letter to an Italian paper pointing out that the remains transported to Spain recently as those of Christopher Columbus are not those of the great Genoese navigator at all, but, in reality, those of his son, Don Diego.

According to official statistics recently published, Spa (now enjoying what promises to be a record winter season) has achieved the distinction of having the lowest death-rate in Europe, namely, 9.4 per thousand; her neighbour, Verviers, being placed next with 13.7 per thousand. The average death-rate is 18 per thousand. The Royal Palace is being enlarged and prepared for occupation, as the Queen of the Belgians will take up her abode there in Easter week.



The United States just now are honouring their heroes of the Spanish-American War, and in this connection the tribute to Commodore John W. Philip, who commanded the battleship *Texas* in the engagement off Santiago de Cuba, is a unique example. It is a matter of history that, after the Spanish fleet had been destroyed, the Commodore summoned his crew, and, in their presence, gave thanks to the Almighty for the victory just achieved. This act has inspired fifteen thousand Sunday School children in the State of Texas to present a sword and a Bible to the Commodore, on both of which will be inscribed the underlying motive of the presentation. Messrs. Tiffany and Co., of New York, are the designers and makers of these testimonials. The sword is of beautiful workmanship, embellished with precious stones, and, with its belt, will be placed in an oak chest made expressly for it. The mountings of the chest will be of heavy plate gold. The Bible is in two volumes, each finely bound in flexible leather covers. A mahogany case, lined with purple velvet, and having solid gold mountings, has been made to hold the volumes. The idea of these gifts was suggested by the *Galveston News*, and the Sunday School children of Texas in carrying it out have paid a graceful tribute to a noble character.

The brave "Rough-Riders" came from all conditions of society, and in the battle of St. Juan Hill it was proved that a rough, uncultured "cow-puncher" of the plains stood side by side in battle with the son of one of the oldest and most exclusive families in the States. This same "cow-puncher" has since become not a little famous from the fact that, after having been wounded twice, he lives to tell the tale. His name is Thomas Kelly, and he comes from the wildest part of the West. In the battle of St. Juan Hill he fought by Hamilton Fish's side, and Fish was

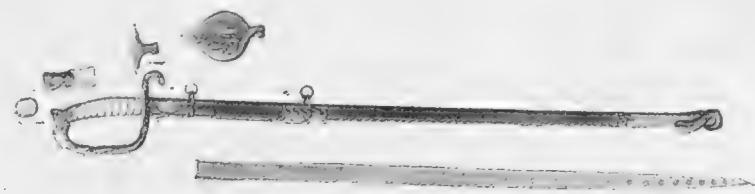
the first man to fall in any land battle of the Spanish-American War. The bullet which pierced "Ham" Fish's body entered the side of Tom Kelly, who fell at the same time that Fish died. Kelly, however, kept up a steady fire, half-raised on his side, until unconsciousness overcame him, and he fell back, to be removed after the battle to the hospital-tent. His wound was attended to, and the Mauser bullet which had passed through Hamilton Fish's body into his having been removed, he returned to the fray, and again was wounded, this time in the neck. This nearly proved fatal, and, after the wound commenced to heal, he was stricken with fever, so, with many other soldiers, was removed to Montauk Point. His magnificent constitution brought him through everything, and to-day he is as well as when he punched cows on the windy plains.

T. KELLY, "ROUGH-RIDER," TWICE WOUNDED IN THE CUBAN WAR.

cow-punching, and Colonel John Jacob Astor obtained for him a position as brakeman on one of the great railroads running from New York to the West. The gentlemen Rough-Riders learned to respect and admire these rough cow-boys with whom they were associated so closely in camp-life and in battle, and, when the cow-boy soldiers were mustered out in New York, nothing was too good for them, and I fear some of them became demoralised by the excess of kindness shown them by the city chaps. Many remained in town and obtained positions in trade, while others were true to their free instincts and went back to the plains and the wide-sweeping West.

The American Tar has been robbed of his alcohol, and discontent has arisen. The United States has long punished a tippling Tommy rather severely. Not infrequently, confinement on bread-and-water in the guard-house is not a sufficient restrainer, and, when an army is in the field, it often happens that there is no guard-house. It is under these conditions that punishments are resorted to that may be called unusual, although the word "cruel" cannot often be fitly applied to them. Causes of offence arise most frequently from intoxication. A soldier imbibes so freely that it is necessary to commit him to the guard-house. There are, however, several successful methods of punishment. One of the chief of these is the "spread-eagle." The soldier is stretched out on the ground, with his arms tied to two stakes well back of his head, and each foot fastened to a stake. This "spread-eagle" position is not conducive to eloquence, and the man, who lies exposed to the hot sun and the pitiless rain, soon becomes quiet. Another way of stopping a wagging tongue is to put a long piece of wood into a man's mouth, after the manner of a horse's bit, and fasten it from behind with a cord around his neck. This is called "gagging," and rarely has to be tried more than once on the same man. The ardour of the orator is also sometimes damped by placing him under a pump, and, when he opens his mouth to speak, pumping a stream of water down his throat. This cure is

quick and sure. Suspension by the thumbs used to be a punishment sometimes inflicted, but it is now resorted to very rarely, if at all. Methods of discipline in the Army have of recent years moved steadily away from corporal punishment. The guard-house, expulsion from the

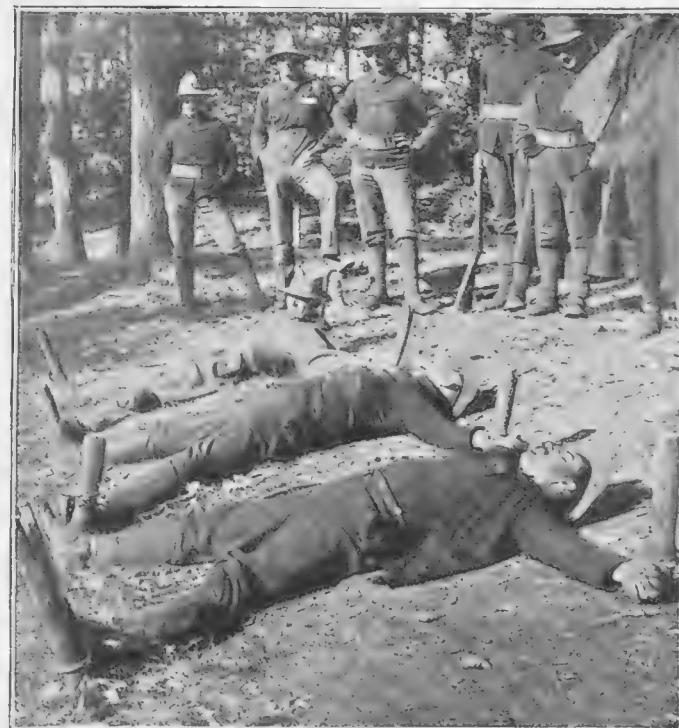


SWORD PRESENTED TO COMMODORE PHILIP, OF THE AMERICAN NAVY, BY SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN IN TEXAS.

Army, and, in times of war, death for many offences, such as systematic stealing or violence toward an officer, are now the means usually employed to keep order among the soldiers.

Lieut.-General Sir Charles Nairne, K.C.B., who died last week, though he was only sixty-two, joined the Bengal Artillery forty-four years ago. He saw his first active service in the Indian Mutiny in 1857, and in 1863 he was with the second Eusofzai Expedition. In the Afghan War of 1878-9 he served with the Peshawur Valley Field Force, and in the Egyptian War of 1882 he was in command of the Royal Horse Artillery, being present in the two actions at Kassassin and at Tel-el-Kebir, for which he obtained a "mention" and his "C.B." He had held various important Staff appointments, in 1885 being Commandant of the Shoeburyness School of Gunnery, and afterwards, at the personal request of Lord Roberts, returning to India to take up the appointment of Inspector-General of Artillery. In 1895 he was appointed to the Command-in-Chief in Bombay, and two years later received his "K.C.B." Only a few days before his death from pneumonia he was appointed President of the Ordnance Committee, in succession to Sir Henry Brackenbury. His father before him had been a "John Company" officer.

One of the most peculiar things—from a civilian's point of view—in the British Army is the aristocracy of colour. We are apt to speak of the "historic red," the "thin red line," and so on, and yet, as a matter of fact, the "blue" or "green" soldier considers himself immeasurably above the "red" man. I have heard many stories of the sort about the rank-and-file, but the tale told by Sir George White, V.C., to the Medical Staff Corps the other day shows that the higher ranks have much the same feeling. Some years ago, in India, Sir George heard an officer of the 60th Rifles discussing with a Goorkha officer the conduct of another officer belonging to a very distinguished red-coated regiment. At last the Goorkha remarked, "After all, we must excuse him; he is only a red soldier!" Sir George said he had watched the career of the



HOW AMERICA PUNISHES TIPSY TOMMIES.

Reproduced from "Leslie's Weekly."

speaker, and that officer had led his men through many a hard-fought fight on the slope of the Himalayas. While considering *esprit-de-corps* a most excellent thing, he thought this was carrying it a little too far.

The military household of the Czar is composed of ninety-eight officers of various ranks, eight-three of whom belong to the Army and fifteen to the Navy. Nineteen members of the royal family are included in this list.

The festivities at Kandy, in connection with the installation of the new shrine for enclosing the celebrated tooth of Buddha, attracted immense gatherings of Buddhists from all parts of Asia. The casket which will enclose the sacred relic is valued at £10,000, and has been subscribed for by the faithful of Burma. The Archbishop, thirteen hundred priests, and several Burmese Princesses accompanied the pilgrims from Rangoon. The dagoba stands six feet in height. The base is of massive gold, garlanded with strings of jewels, and surmounted by a splendid ruby. It is covered by a silver canopy, inlaid with gems. During the voyage, an old lady, who has subscribed £6000, guarded the gift by sitting upon it. Kandy is the seat of Buddhism in Ceylon, and the Mahigawa Temple, where the tooth is preserved, is very imposing. There is great rivalry between the Buddhist priests of Kandy and those of Mount Lavinia, another Buddhist centre forty miles south, where there are some very fine temples. At Mount Lavinia there is a recumbent statue of Buddha nine yards long, painted in yellow ochre, with huge emeralds as eyes. The sins of the damned and the rewards of the faithful are depicted in striking colours upon the walls of this temple. The floor is of black marble, into which is let a mosaic of silver coins, the gifts of pilgrims to the shrine. Despite the hideous, glaring colours, the place is impressive.

The boys at Blackheath School this year played "Nothing Venture, Nothing Win," by J. Sterling Coyne, and the farce, "Done on Both Sides," by J. M. Morton. Both pieces were acted in a manner which showed that great care had been bestowed on their preparation. In the drama, the Duke de Vendôme was well acted by F. H. Wissler. The Chevalier de Launney found a worthy exponent in H. Stahl, to whose energy a large part of the success of the entertainment was due. J. L. Foucar made a capital Marquis de Vigneul, and H. M. Kendall, as



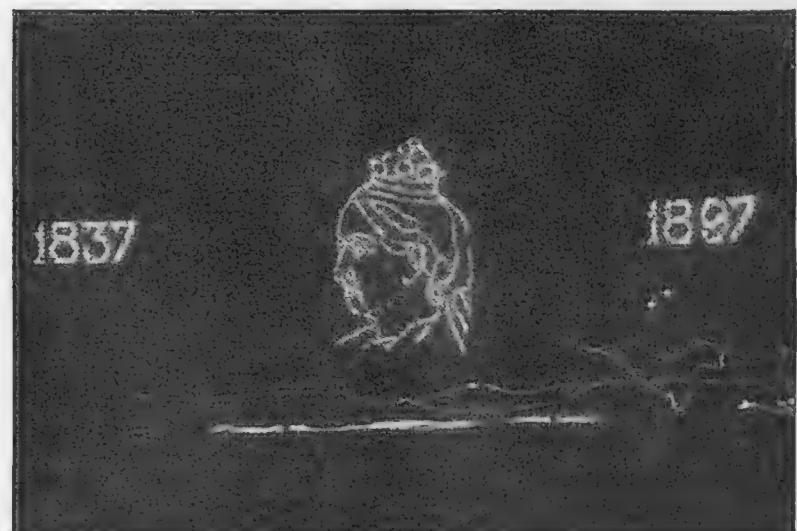
BLACKHEATH SCHOOLBOYS IN "NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING WIN."  
Photo by Wayland.

Dobin court, acted the part in a manner which soon put him on good terms with the audience. G. Porter was rather nervous as Martha, which may, no doubt, be attributed to a first appearance. In the farce which followed everybody acted well, which makes it difficult to pick out anyone in particular. Mr. Shebbeare, as in former years, lent valuable assistance in coaching, while the help of Messrs. T. Streeter and J. C. Malim as stage-managers was most useful.

The *People's Journal* is perhaps the best-known of the Scottish weeklies. It enjoys a very large circulation, and is known all over the world wherever Scotchmen are to be found. Equally well known is its veteran editor, Mr. W. D. Latto, who has guided its fortunes ever since 1858—two years after it had been established by Mr. (now Sir) John Leng, M.P. As "Tammie Bodkin," Mr. Latto enjoys a world-wide reputation as a Scottish humorist, and he has few equals as a writer of sound Doric. But the years are creeping on Mr. Latto, and he has retired (on a handsome pension) in favour of Mr. David Pae, a young and promising Scottish journalist. Mr. Pae has had several years of newspaper work under the Leng management, and, besides being a successful serialist, has shown qualities which should ensure him success in his new position.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Pae's father, also Mr. David Pae, was for many years editor of the *People's Friend*, next to *Chalmers' Journal*, the earliest of the Scottish weekly miscellanies. He was also the pioneer of serial story writing in Scotland, his first appearing in the *Edinburgh North Briton* and the *Glasgow Penny Post* during the 'fifties. When he died, in 1884, he had written and published exactly fifty novels, all of which had appeared in serial form in *Friend* or *Journal*. He edited the *People's Friend* for fifteen years.

It may strike you as strange that I should publish a photograph of 1897. The explanation is that it has come a long way. Early in 1897 the Blantyre Sports Club considered the best way to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee. Blantyre is the chief town of British Central Africa,



HOW THE QUEEN GAZED DOWN IN FIRE ON BLANTYRE, SOUTH AFRICA.

and the majority of the white inhabitants are members of the Sports Club. It was decided that the whole country should unite and make a good show at Blantyre in June. Major Forbes, Administrator of Northern Rhodesia, who is president of the club, promised, on behalf of the Chartered Company, a donation of £50 (English value) worth of fireworks, and also agreed to pay all expenses. The order was placed with the African Lakes Corporation as early as February, to ensure due arrival, Major Forbes stipulating that he would not pay for any goods unless they were Brock's. News came from Chinde, at the mouth of the Zambesi River, about the beginning of June, that the goods had been landed and were on their way up the 360 miles of shallow rivers, Zambesi and Shiré, to Chiromo; from the latter they had to be transported to Katungas by very shallow canoes for some eighty miles of sandbank and mud. During the whole journey great care had to be taken to protect the cases from fierce sun by day (the river-water is frequently 110 degrees) and heavy dew by night. From Katungas, a further journey of thirty-five miles on land commenced, with a rise of 3500 feet.

The fireworks were transported by carriers, some of the larger cases requiring as many as ten "boys" to each case. Stout bamboos were lashed fore and aft and crossways, by way of handles. This journey took three days. Upon the arrival of the goods at Blantyre, they were taken to Major Forbes' house, the cases opened, and contents examined. A case of a hundred rockets was found to be slightly penetrated by damp, and touch-paper damaged, necessitating an improvised fusing made of wadding and gunpowder. When duly fixed for display, the goods were covered with canvas until time of firing, to protect from the dew. The operator, who had not handled fireworks for ten years, was assisted by several of the Chartered Company's officials. The Chartered Company kept open house that day and evening. The display went off without a hitch. During the display of the main set-piece the photograph shown was taken; a salute of twenty-one guns (maroons) was fired. The band of the military force of the Protectorate was in attendance, by permission of Colonel W. H. Manning.



MR. DAVID PAE, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED "TAMMAS BODKIN" AS EDITOR OF THE  
"PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."  
Photographs by Prophett, Dundee.

Among the interesting pieces of old London which every other week sees marked out for destruction must now be included Dr. Johnson's house, No. 7, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. This was the Doctor's last abode but one. In the list of his London residences with which Johnson supplied Boswell, the date opposite this address, presumably of entrance, is given as 1766; but the figures, being in brackets, are to be taken as approximate, for Johnson dated a letter from 7, Johnson's Court, in 1765. Here he continued until 1776. On March 15 of that year, Boswell, returning to town, "hastened next morning to wait on Dr. Johnson at his house, but found he was removed from Johnson's Court, No. 7, to Bolt Court, No. 8." Boswell and Hawkins both note that Johnson invited Miss Williams to share his home in Johnson's Court. The latter biographer relates that the Doctor's study was in an upper room, with good light and free air, and that the books were "chosen with so little regard to editions or external appearance as showed they were intended for use, and that he disdained the appearance of learning." One of the most interesting reminiscences of No. 7 is that there, on Easter Sunday, April 11, 1773, Boswell first dined *en famille* with Dr. Johnson. Their acquaintance was then of long standing, but Johnson had never before asked Bozzy to dine at his house. The Laird of Auchinleck expected that the entertainment would not be "very well done," as the society paragraphs say, but he was agreeably disappointed and even records the menu—"a very good scup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal-pie, and a rice-pudding." Foote, in waggish allusion to Francis, the Doctor's black servant, was willing to suppose that the repast was black broth.

Last week I pictured a 50-lb. Norwegian salmon, remarking that "Salmon larger than this fellow have rarely been killed on the rod." Mr. Robert Ward, ex-President of the British Columbia Board of Trade, points out to me, however, that in British Columbia a 50-lb. salmon is by no means a curiosity: "In the eighteenth report of the Board of Trade, which I am sending you, is a photograph of a 70-lb. salmon landed with hook and line in Campbell River, British Columbia, by Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart. This fish was preserved and sent to the Government Museum at Victoria." British Columbia, indeed, must be an angler's paradise.

France is dying of intellectuality, says Benjamin Todd. The remark has a certain interest in view of the events of the past few days, for in the way of commentary this is what has happened: A league of French Academy members, speaking through Jules Le Maitre, repudiated publicly the candidacy of M. Loubet to the Presidency of the Republic, because he was not an "intellectual"; and, on the heels of this repudiation, M. Loubet was elected with almost unanimity by the representatives of the nation. Which may mean that France is not dying of intellectuality, after all; or else it may mean that there are two kinds of intellectuality in France, M. Le Maitre's kind and another.

In fact, there exists, quite apart from the real intelligence, a malady of intellectual snobbery in France, and of it there is possibly no better specimen than this little, thick-set, spoiled blacksmith, Jules Le Maitre, whose political misadventure has been one of the moving events of the last few days in Paris. Inspired with what he took for a mission to lead the "intellectuals" into the political arena, he gathered out of the anti-Dreyfus ranks those he took to be his peers, and issued the manifesto against making Presidents out of mere statesmen. He said he would show folks how to run a Republic. Like Darius Greene, he thought he had a flying-machine that would astonish the world, and, like Darius, he has fallen into the barnyard, where he is now engaged in rubbing

his shins, while the "non-intellectual" quietly installs himself in the President's chair—all of which has a moral.

The Plutarchian simplicity of M. Loubet is indeed calculated to deceive the intellectual snobs. M. Loubet seems to know that the prime virtue of a Republican executive is to subordinate his own will to the will of the people, which the snobs do not understand. A single anecdote paints the social man. On a recent visit to his old peasant mother he found her making bread. "My boy," said his mother, "you will help me, will you not?" "With pleasure, mother," replies the future Chief of the Republic, and, tossing away his cigar and taking off his coat, he applies himself with rare good grace to range the loaves in the oven. And all France, outside the snobs, appears as joyful as surprised at the idea of having this Cincinnatus at the Elysée. From all of which may it not be inferred that Mr. Todd's diagnosis was over-hasty?

In addition to the "Café Néant," described in this paper quite recently, there are two similar cafés in the same street beloved of Montmartre.

They owe their existence to the great success of "Le Néant," which brought many competitors into the field, and the entertainment they offer is of somewhat similar kind, horrors first and *poses plastiques* to follow. The first is "L'Enfer," the Café of Purgatory. A gentleman attired in the costume associated with Mephistopheles receives you at the door, from which a strong red glow tinged the pavement. Under his guidance you enter a cave with strange lights and fantastic decoration. The tables are semi-transparent, and their colour changes every moment from red to blue and blue to red again. Monstrous serpents are wreathed and twined overhead; gentlemen with horns, hoofs, and cloven tongues stare at you from the walls. Two merry devils, full of humour, minister to your wants, and, when you have paid for your bock, supply a ticket admitting to the Chaldrone. This last is a tiny theatre with an auditorium designed to hold about thirty people. A new Mephisto appears upon the little stage and goes through some clever contortionist work, while one of the others, erstwhile an attendant, has now been translated, and appears as showman. Following the acrobatic and optical illusion business, there is a collection on behalf of the poor devil who has twisted himself into knots

for the public amusement, and then the proprietary, remembering they are in Paris, introduce some *poses plastiques*.

"Le Ciel," two doors higher up, is a very different place, and it is matter for surprise that the municipality has not taken its courage in both hands and closed the doors. The entrance is guarded by a giant, a man who must be nearly seven feet high, and a passage leads you to the lower floor of Heaven. There you sit round a large table, and are served with drink by men attired as angels. In a far corner balcony a youth discourses sacred music at intervals, and a fat man made up as a priest delivers a lecture, very witty and very blasphemous. Thereafter follows a broad burlesque of a Catholic service, a burlesque that must be offensive to people of all beliefs. It is curiously significant that a gendarme is in attendance, though he shows no active interest in the proceedings. After much blasphemous mockery, very wittily accompanied by two men whose gifts might have been successfully devoted to better pursuits, there is an adjournment to the upper floor, where various living pictures are presented on a stage. One very curious effect of lighting is to be noticed in these pictures, a method by which the same figure appears in successive costumes of diversified shape, design, and colouring.



DR. JOHNSON LIVED IN THIS HOUSE IN JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET.

Photo by Boas, Oxford Street, W.

There seems to be little doubt that Andrée has been lost, for now comes the news that a Russian elk-hunter has found the torn balloon near Sanvinich. Herewith I reproduce the last letter which Andrée sent by a pigeon (now in the Stockholm Museum), and, translated, it reads thus—

Fran Andrées Polarexpo  
till Aftonbladet, Stockholm

d. 13 juli  
Kl. 12.30 mids  
Lat. 82° 2'  
Long 15° 5' öst  
god fart åt  
ost 10° syd.  
Alt väl  
ombord.  
Detta är  
Frederic duf-  
posten. —  
Andrée

ANDRÉE'S LETTER.

"The Far East," and "The Near East." He once edited an annual, which contained stories by Mr. Marion Crawford and other writers, not the least striking being one from his own pen. He won the gratitude of Irishmen many years ago by an eloquent account of the evictions at Bodike, which first appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with which journal he was then associated, and which was afterwards issued in pamphlet form. Mr. Norman has now succeeded the late Mr. Harold Frederic as London Cable Correspondent to the *New York Times*. This, combined with his strong impulse in the direction of farming, which takes him for a portion of each week to his country-house at Alton, Hampshire, has been found by him incompatible with his duties connected with the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Norman retires from that journal with the hearty good wishes and regrets of Mr. Frank Lloyd, the proprietor, and of Mr. Henry Massingham, the editor. He is still a young man, and has, doubtless, many more years of active literary work before him.

Signs of the approaching polo season are manifest in the grounds of the Ranelagh Club. The number of players is increasing year by year, and the managers at Barn Elms are ready for the calls upon them. In a meadow on the other side of the brook, a new practice-ground has been formed, which will leave the new ground free for match-play. Perhaps the most eloquent symptom of the growth

of the popularity of polo is the necessity for building new stabling to accommodate forty additional ponies. The "new," or, as it is more usually called, the "No. 2," ground has undergone important alterations since last summer; over a large part of it the turf has been raised, a foot of the gravel soil removed, and fresh foundation of earth turfed over. This ought to improve the ground very materially.

The patrons of golf are also multiplying at Ranelagh. Twenty players per day has been the average attendance on the links during the autumn and winter. In view of the rain and wind that has been vouchsafed us during the past few months, this average is really remarkable. The



THIS IS THE PIGEON THAT BROUGHT  
ANDRÉE'S LAST LETTER.  
Now in the Stockholm Museum.

Ladies' Golf Meeting, arranged by Miss Isette Pearson, comes off on April 12 and 13, and, given good weather, should be a great success.

Here is the new halfpenny stamp just issued for the Virgin Islands (West Indies). These islands, of which Tortola is the capital, had a separate series of postage-stamps prior to 1890, but in that year a general set for the whole of the Leeward Islands was issued, and the separate sets for the various islands were withdrawn. Virgin Islands have now reverted to the original system of having distinct postage-stamps, the new set being different in design to those formerly used. In addition to the halfpenny stamp, there are also the following denominations, all of the same design, but differing in colour—one penny, twopence-halfpenny, fourpence, sixpence, sevenpence, one shilling, and five shillings. I am indebted for the stamp to Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., of Ipswich.



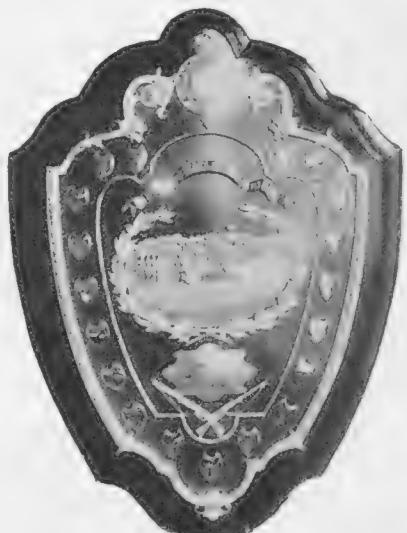
If the proposition carried at the last meeting of the Kennel Club, "That a ladies' branch be formed and that its first Committee be elected by the Kennel Club," be duly carried into effect, the proceeding will produce a sensation in doggie circles. The proposal, *pace* the assurances of its supporters, is directly antagonistic to the Ladies' Kennel Association, which in its comparatively brief career has done excellent work and now counts six hundred members. It is quite admitted that a Ladies' Kennel Club is needed—it would be hard to deny it in the face of the success of the "L. K. A.;" but why, if the Kennel Club feels no antagonism towards the Ladies' Kennel Association, is it proposed to ignore the existence of that influential body, full of vitality as it is, and found a new Ladies' Branch of the Kennel Club? The simple and obvious plan would be to invite the ladies to affiliate their association to the ruling body. An unpleasant feature of the Kennel Club's proceedings at their meeting was to suggest the names of ladies to form the Committee of the proposed new Ladies' Branch, and several of the ladies named are known to have seceded from the Ladies' Kennel Association. This wants explanation before the "no antagonism" plea finds any acceptance.

The Carlist rising has been unavoidably postponed, but in the semi-official announcement to this effect no reason is condescended upon. The cause possibly lies in the fact that the Spanish claimant has a little lawsuit on hand, for he does not seem to get on very well with his daughter, Princess Elvira of Bourbon. A sum yielding about £800 a-year was left to Don Carlos' family, and the Princess is suing her father for the return of the interest which accrued on her share of the capital during her minority. Don Carlos admits her claim to a fourth part of the original sum, but maintains that the interest falls to him. In the case, which is to be heard at Lucca in March, the whole private

life of the Pretender will probably be dragged to light, and his career is not supposed to have been particularly exemplary. The Princess is also at loggerheads with her brother, Don Jaime, over the possession of a portrait by Bonnat of their father as General of the Carlist troops during the last war. Litigation is under way in this matter, and, altogether, Don Carlos probably thinks that, while he is suppressing a revolt at home, he has hardly time to start another in Spain.

How will 1900 be written in Roman numerals? Will it be MCM or MDCCCC?

A sterling silver shield has recently been subscribed for by the officers, native officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Malay States Guides, as a regimental musketry trophy, and carried out by Mappin and Webb. The centre panel, exquisitely modelled, in sterling silver, depicts a firing-party at the butts, whilst around the outer edge are ranged nineteen small shields destined to bear the names of winning teams. The regimental badge of the Guides surmounts the whole, and the trophy will doubtless excite the keenest emulation.



A SHIELD FOR THE MALAY STATES  
GUIDES.

Here are some famous Poms. Take Little Tim, for instance. His mother was the Princess May, and his father Snow Boy, and he was born in September 1896. He has won eight first prizes and numerous specials, and his mistress, Mrs. Wilfred Watkins, of Silverton, Torquay, is very proud of him. The group shows you a nice lot of typical Poms.

A dog which earns a salary of £50 a-week may certainly claim to be the "star" performer of the canine world. This is a shaggy mongrel, whose income of £2000 a-year has been regularly earned for the last two years in the United States. He does all the usual dog-tricks, jumping through hoops and over ropes, rolling a barrel, and, as a novelty, he does a "cake-walk" in the well-known manner of the negro performer, keeping step to the music; but the feat which commands such enormous terms is a dive into a net from a platform seventy-five feet above it. The animal has to judge the exact angle at which he must jump so as to fall into the net. He makes his leap at the word of command, turning several somersaults in the course of his descent. In order to get to the elevated platform, the dog climbs a ladder step by step, without any assistance from his trainer.

It is a well-known fact that many animals are poachers if they get the chance, but a combination of domestic animals for poaching purposes is surely rare. I saw such a combination for the first time in my life a week or two ago. I was shooting rabbits, and came to a hedge just as the light was going. It had not been brushed, and I moved off at once, for I saw that the ferrets would have no chance of doing good work. Just before I turned the corner, I heard a rabbit call, not with the dull, agonised cry that tells us a stoat is following it, but a shorter and sharper sound. Immediately

after, a rabbit struggled from an earth in the grip of a cat. By a desperate effort it got away, and the cat, seeing me, went into the ditch again. A closer examination revealed two other cats, one on each side of the hedge, and it was evident that they stayed in position while their confederate went through the tangled hedgerow, and even into the rabbit-holes, in search of prey. The three cats belonged to three cottages that stand side by side in an adjacent meadow. I have since been told that these three cats had for a long time hunted in company, and were quite experts at the work. One of them now hunts in the Elysian Fields, where I hope the rabbits are so plentiful that there will be enough and to spare for all the three, as I hope to soon send its companions to share such sport as is to be found there. Poachers, foxes, stoats, and weasels are bad enough for rabbits; when the domestic cat stoops to folly, it learns too late that there is a penalty in the shape of leaden pellets.

No doubt all your readers are familiar with the proportions of an ordinary ostrich's egg, but what will they think of one (writes a correspondent) the cubical capacity of which is equal to the contents of no fewer than half-a-dozen of this familiar bird's? Such a one, or, at least, a plaster model of one, which was recently sold for £70 by Mr. Roland Ward, F.Z.S., of Piccadilly, was shown me the other day. This is the egg of the *Epiornis maximus*, the largest known bird either living or extinct. Its extreme height was no less than ten feet; it did not possess the power of flight, and it was formerly an inhabitant of the island of Madagascar, where its eggs have been discovered in the sand. The specimen in question measured 34½ in. in its longest circumference, and 28 in. in girth, while its contents were equal to 148 fowls' eggs.



TOY POMERANIAN DOG, LITTLE TIM, WINNER OF THREE CHALLENGE-CUPS AND EIGHT FIRST PRIZES.



POMERANIAN DOGS: ALL PRIZE-WINNERS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN MAY AND CO., TORQUAY.

Miss Katie Vesey is a clever little actress and dancer, but then she ought to be, for she is the niece of Miss Emily Soldene, who remains to this day vivacity personified. Miss Vesey made her appearance when she was twelve years old in "Cinderella," at Drury Lane, in 1895, and she was retained by Sir Augustus Harris as solo-dancer during his opera season. Miss Vesey is a pupil of Mr. Ernest D'Auban, and is studying singing under Mr. K. Alderson. She is going to appear, I believe, as a singer this year, while next Christmas she returns to the Adelphi for Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomime.

Previous to 1860 there was a hall in Tichborne Street which was used for the display of an old-fashioned waxwork show, and when the dummy figures migrated elsewhere the place was turned into a roller-skating rink. Just about the year mentioned the hall was converted into a free-and-easy *café-chantant*, one of the kind at which the gilded youth of the day went through what they considered a necessary part of their self-imposed task, generally known as "seeing life." The company was mixed, the performance frankly obscene, and there was no County Council to act as kindly mentor over the morals and pleasures of the rich or the poor. The place itself was little more than a stable-yard, roofed in, and the general arrangements for the comfort of patrons elementary to a degree. In those days the open space now known as Piccadilly Circus was covered with narrow little streets, mainly frequented by men and women of the lowest type, and next door to the site of the present London Pavilion stood Kahn's Museum, at which sights were to be seen that nowadays can, fortunately, only be found in the lowest parts of some Continental cities. Such a thing as closing-time was then unknown, and the young bloods about two in the morning repaired in swarms to Vauxhall Gardens, deserted by sober-minded people soon after midnight, only to return to the West-End some two hours later to finish their night's—or rather, their morning's—enjoyment at the "free-and-easies" and chop-houses with which that part of the town abounded.

In 1877 the proprietors of the old Pavilion dissolved partnership, and the hall underwent certain structural alterations, private boxes being put in on one side. Prices of admission then ranged from sixpence to half-a-crown, and there was room for quite three thousand people. Many well-known and popular favourites appeared at the hall at and after this period, including Arthur Roberts, Herbert Campbell, Bessie Bellwood, Harriet Vernon, and the great Vance. In the year following the property was purchased for the purposes of street improvements by the Metropolitan Board of Works, the purchase-price being close on £110,000, and Mr. Edwin Villiers secured a lease of the place at a rental of £7000 a-year. Nothing of much interest occurred until 1885, in the March of which year the premises were pulled down, and some eight months after the building of the present house was completed, the public being admitted for the first time on Nov. 30 in the same year. A limited liability company then took over the concern, and the London Pavilion gradually became one of the leading music-halls of the Metropolis.

To this end the late Mr. Newson-Smith worked indefatigably, and to his untiring efforts no small amount of the present prosperity of the company is certainly due. Mr. Teddy Swanborough was for many years acting and general manager of the house, and, when he resigned that position, Mr. Frank Glenister, who had previously been occupying a managerial position at Ronacher's Music Hall in Vienna, took over the reins of government, and he has, in every possible way, justified the confidence placed in him by the directorate. The latter at present consists of Mr. Hugh Astley, brother of the late Sir John Astley; Mr. Villiers, who is still the landlord; and Mr. Charles Gover. Alterations

are about to be made on the ground-floor of the house which will increase the comfort and general attractiveness of the auditorium, and, under Mr. Glenister's able rule, there is little likelihood of the London Pavilion losing any of the high reputation it possesses as a first-class and popular Palace of Varieties.



MISS EMILY SOLDENE'S CLEVER NIECE, MISS KATIE VESEY.  
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



THE PAVILION AS IT WAS IN 1885.



THE PAVILION AS IT IS TO-DAY.

MARCH 1, 1899

THE SKETCH.

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MARCH.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## CHOLMONDELEY'S HAT.

BY A QUIET WOMAN.

I am, ordinarily, a very quiet woman. I like unbroken outlines and the severity of black. Secretly, I nourish an admiration for the Salvation Army bonnet, and could have thanked heaven sincerely had I been bred a Quaker. It suits my temper to go through life observing my fellows, myself unhindered; and I have generally managed so much until the other day, when one of Cholmondeley's ships came in.

"My dear," said he, "you shall have the handsomest hat in London. You need not always go about looking as if your second cousin had died. I want you to make an effect at the Buxton-Tymmses'. And a new jacket as well."

I may have felt a little doubtful, but, if so, I must have hidden my feelings, for Cholmondeley's radiance abated not at all.

To town we went. Cholmondeley had intended Bond Street, but it happened that, while taking a piece of Regent Street on the way, his eye was caught, and no wonder, by a double shop-window full of hats.

"Now," said he, "here is the very thing!"

We stopped and looked. There were hats of every colour and shape: blue, green, mauve, crimson, and magenta; some with nodding, various plumes, some with cabbages of silk and lace, and some adorned with both.

I seemed to discern in each one more than a touch of the *demi-mondaine*, with a dash of the adventurous Countess. But Cholmondeley was dazzled.

"Come in," said he; and wives must be obliging, so in I went.

The young person in command was very proud and confident, and we were like clay in the hands of the potter under her manipulation.

"The very thing for Madam's complexion," she said, looking at Cholmondeley. And Cholmondeley paid. How much I never intend to know.

Nor will anything ever induce me to describe that hat. What its combination of colour, what its outlandish contours, shall always remain my shameful secret.

But Cholmondeley did not share my feelings.

"We've done it this time," said he. "It's a rippin' hat. It makes me think of that Tennyson fellow, and what does he call 'the moving vapour that rolled about the head of the king'?"

"Oh, but nonsense!" I cried. "There wasn't—and—and—stuck about that vapour!"

"Never mind," said Cholmondeley. "It's the general effect I go for. You'll see I'm about right."

Then we got the jacket; it was black but comely, and I was really gratified this time.

The way is long from our airy suburb to the Buxton-Tymmses', and may be roughly proportioned by a train and a couple of omnibuses.

It was in a second-class railway-carriage that I received the first warning of the effect likely to be produced on the British public by Cholmondeley's venture in millinery.

There was a tidy old gentleman sitting in the far corner of the compartment. He had a beautiful white beard, a tall hat, and everything handsome about him. His well-filled kid gloves were folded upon his knees in a manner which at once suggested a pew for a background. His venerable countenance, with the sole exception of his eyes, was directed at the cushions opposite.

His strange look puzzled me till I discovered that his eyes were twisted sideways upon me. For thirteen minutes exactly that nice old gentleman squinted rigidly at my hat. When at last I dismounted from that railway-carriage, I felt as though I had left a nightmare behind me. I took a hasty look at him as I turned away. His head was immovably fixed, as though he had been under a pulpit, but he had slewed his glassy eyes right round, and they were still following my hat as it withdrew.

With a sense of relief, I hurried from the station and climbed into my omnibus, closely followed by a tall, well-dressed person, who sat down beside me.

I was wondering if Cholmondeley would forget what time he had to meet me at the Marble Arch, when I became conscious that the person who sat beside me was clearing his throat repeatedly. Involuntarily I glanced round, and was greeted by a bland smile that illuminated a fine hook nose, a grizzled beard, and sort of counting-house demeanour. He, too, was mesmerised by Cholmondeley's present.

I looked away at once, feeling more convinced than ever that it is a mistake to wear another person's hat, and that it is better to wear one that corresponds with your own disposition.

Then I heard a voice in my ear, at once hoarse and honey-sweet—

"A great deal of traffic in the streets to-day?"

I would not be offended. After all, if the poor man liked that kind of hat, he could not help himself. So I said "Yes," politely, but with gravity.

"This omnibus goes to Victoria, I believe?"

"Yes."

"May I inquire if that is your destination?"

His smile was so liberal that I stopped the omnibus, hailed a passing cab, and drove to my dressmaker's, for I was still too early for Cholmondeley.

My dressmaker was so unexpectedly animated that I found I had ordered two new dresses before I was aware, and neither was even grey.

*Facilis descensus.* As I escaped into the street, I reflected that my dressmaker had judged a fool according to her folly, and wondered at myself for falling so readily into her net.

I was going soberly along in the direction of the Marble Arch, thinking of all the little books I had read in my young days that had had for their plot the many consequences of a single sin, when I noticed a country-gentleman sort of person staring fixedly at my hat as he passed me.

About two minutes farther on, I was excessively puzzled to meet the same person, passing again in the same direction, with the same expression, which was gradually becoming familiar to me.

He was evidently the third victim to the gay attractions which I carried on my head.

Presently, someone cleared his throat loudly at my elbow, and I looked up, and there he was. He was a nice, fresh-looking person, in a well-cut tweed suit. He had a fair beard and a beautiful colour in his cheeks, and a stick that somehow suggested the hall of a country house.

"Now," I said to myself, "if you met this person on a country lawn, you would mind him no more than a flower-pot, so why should you mind him now?"

So I quickened my pace to a sharp walk, and tried to feel unconcerned. In a moment he was beside me. I fell back, and looked in a shop-window; he politely waited till I came up. I tried to lose myself in a crowd, but it was all of no use: he was a mighty hunter.

It was not that I objected to anyone looking at my hat, because I am willing to admit that it had the air of being designed to that end; but simply that his admiration of it was too persistent.

I hope I am not cowardly, but if even a gander were to pursue me steadily for any length of time, it would set up in me the instinct of flight. And once that instinct is set working in the female bosom, it rapidly develops into panic.

With panic, then, like wings at my heels, I flew rather than walked in the direction of the Marble Arch; and, still following my hat, as the mackerel swims after the moving bait, came my fine gentleman in grey.

Just as I was executing a rapid manœuvre to the left, I mercifully ran against Cholmondeley.

"Oh, Cholmondeley," I said, "I am so very glad to see you!" And I almost laughed as the country person shot rapidly past us, without venturing so much as a glance at my fatal head-dress.

"You are out of breath," said Cholmondeley. "I told you to take a cab all the way."

"Yes, but what an expense!" I answered. "Oh, Cholmondeley, I can never, never wear your present again! There is a kind of person that cannot take his eyes off it, and will follow it down a whole street."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said he. "Is that kind of person about just now?"

"Oh, dear, no!" I cried; for Cholmondeley has a very heavy fist.

"Well, never mind. Cheer up!" he said. "I assure you, it's nothing compared with the feeling there is for a top-hat and a velvet collar. Why, there are many people that think so much of a good overcoat that they will clutch hold of it in the street, and call it pet names!"

"Is it possible?" said I. "But, then, you are a man and can hit back, while I can only run. Cholmondeley, I am, as you know, a quiet woman, and the mother of two, and I will not again delude my fellow-creatures by wearing a beacon to skittishness on my head."

"Do as you like, my dear," said Cholmondeley pleasantly; "but, let me tell you, I never saw you look so well in your life. Now," he said, as an intelligent hansom drove up of its own accord, "it remains to be seen what effect it will have at the Buxton-Tymmses'."

## SPECIES AETERNITATIS.

After the Greek of Ptolemaeus

One summer's day I mused, "As mortal we  
As yon frail, filmy ephemerae,  
Circling continuous over lake and lea."

But, lifted heavenward on one winter's night,  
When all the stars swam radiant, my lone sprite  
At last owned fellowship with the infinite.

Now with those glistening ones it is her use  
To run—or rest; sipping nectarean juice  
With Gods beneath the very throne of Zeus.

“A - HUNTING WE WILL GO!”

*From Photographs by Whitlock Brothers, Wolverhampton.*



THE ALBRIGHTON HOUNDS.



THE NORTH STAFFORD HOUNDS.

## A MEMORIAL TO MRS. GASKELL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE A. PAYNE.

Hitherto no public memorial has been raised to the memory of Mrs. Gaskell, whose works are becoming increasingly and deservedly popular. In Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, there is a tablet to the memory of the gifted writer, which was erected by a number of friends, while, in connection with the Moss Side Public Library, Manchester, Mr. W. E. A. Axon is making a collection of books and pamphlets written by or relating to Mrs. Gaskell. A short time ago, however, a beautiful bas-relief was erected on the front of the Knutsford Post-Office by a private individual, a Mr. R. H. Watt, which has given great pleasure to all lovers of Mrs. Gaskell's works.

Knutsford is a most appropriate place for such a memorial, being not only the original of "Cranford," but also the Hollingford of "Wives and Daughters," and the Barford of "The Squire's Tale." The work has been admirably carried out by Cavaliere Ochille d'Orsi, Professor of Fine Arts in the Royal Academy of Naples. The portrait is a bust of Mrs. Gaskell from the photograph which was taken in Edinburgh a year or two before her death, and is worked in bronze. The likeness is usually considered by those who are competent to judge to be a good one, though a copy of the Richmond picture would have been far more pleasing.

It is pleasant for all lovers of the work of this gifted author to know that, more than thirty years after the publication of her last—and some say greatest—work, "Wives and Daughters," the public taste has justified the publication of three new editions of her best-known work, "Cranford." One of these is published by Mr. Walter Scott, and contains a short preface by the Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D.; another by Messrs. Service and Paton, with sixteen charming pictures by Mr. Brock; and a third by Ward, Lock, and Co., in "Nineteenth Century Classics," with an Introduction by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, and a beautiful copy of the Richmond picture of Mrs. Gaskell as a frontispiece.

In 1891 the Macmillans published the prettiest edition of "Cranford" that has been given to the public, with a most interesting preface by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, and with numerous illustrations by Hugh Thomson. A new edition, published at Christmas, contains coloured illustrations.

It is a great pity that neither Mr. Thomson nor Mr. Brock visited "Cranford," which everybody now identifies with Knutsford, situated some fifteen miles from Manchester, so that they might have drawn some of the actual places which Mrs. Gaskell must have had in her mind when she wrote both "Cranford" and "Wives and Daughters."

George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, George Sand, Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, and many others who were capable of judging, united in their eulogies of the author of "Mary Barton," and, judging by the increasing popularity of her writings and the ever-widening interest shown in the appearance of the many editions of her various works during the past few years, and in the number of magazine articles bearing upon this subject, the appreciation, which has always been warm, is growing, and is likely to grow, as the widening circle of her readers still widens, as it undoubtedly will.

And this appreciation, which was partly due, no doubt, to the personal charm of the writer, is chiefly owing to the fact that "her

contained an article entitled "The Human Novel as Exemplified by Mrs. Gaskell." This was followed in 1895 by an article in the August *Gentleman's Magazine* on "Mrs. Gaskell," by Miss Hompes, which was chiefly biographical, and did not add much to existing biographies, though it summarised them. In the same year, and in the same magazine, appeared



MRS. GASKELL IN BAS-RELIEF.

an article on "Knutsford in Fiction," which, besides giving a description of the town and neighbourhood, proceeded to identify several houses and other buildings as being those which were not only well known to the writer of "Cranford," but which were probably the models from which she (perhaps unconsciously) drew. To the September number of *Good Words*, 1895, Miss Margaret Howitt contributed a paper entitled "Stray Notes from Mrs. Gaskell," with illustrations of Knutsford and the neighbourhood, among them being pictures of the Parish Church, in which Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was married to the Rev. William Gaskell, M.A., of Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, in 1832; of the house on the Heathside in which she lived for several years; and of Brook Street Chapel, in the graveyard of which she was laid to rest in 1865. In *Temple Bar* for August 1895, the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache claimed to have known the original of at least one of Mrs. Gaskell's characters.

Possibly characteristics of people whom Mrs. Tollemache knew were noted by Mrs. Gaskell, who allowed nothing to pass unobserved, but to believe that she consciously drew from life is to vastly underrate her true artistic taste, and her marvellous imaginative faculty. In the April 1896 *Atlantic Monthly*, Miss Alice Brown (who, with Miss L. I. Guiney, author of "A Roadside Harp," "A Little English Gallery," &c., visited Cranford in 1895) contributes a charming paper on "Latter-day Cranford." This essay, together with a number of others, was published by Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. in a neat little volume entitled "By Oak and Thorn."

In the *Woman at Home* for May 1896, a writer, under the heading "Mrs. Gaskell and Charlotte Brontë," says that "in the whole of English literature there is no book that can compare in widespread interest with the Life of Charlotte Brontë, by Mrs. Gaskell," while the same magazine for June 1897 published an illustrated article by Marion Leslie on "Mrs. Gaskell's House and its Memories"; but the truest and best appreciation of our author was written by Edna Lyall, and is contained in "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign," published in June 1897, which also contains an article by the late Mrs. O'Leary on "The Sisters Brontë." Edna Lyall spoke of herself as turning with a sense of love and gratitude to Mrs. Gaskell, who drew life with utter reverence and held the highest of all ideals, and dared to be true. Lovers of the works of Mrs. Gaskell from time to time visit Knutsford. A few months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Drew and Mr. and Mrs. Ady ("Julia Cartwright") made a pilgrimage to the grave in the quiet chapel-yard which is faithfully depicted in "Ruth," and Mrs. Drew covered the grave with beautiful flowers brought from Hawarden.



books, with their wide human sympathies, their tender comprehension of human frailty, their bright flashes of humour, and their infinite pathos," are capable of influencing, and have influenced, for good, the minds of her numerous readers. The June number, 1894, of *Atalanta*

## OUR HOME-BRED MEAT.

All those prime rump-steaks and mutton-chops, for which the ladies presiding over our domestic arrangements pay one shilling and fourpence a pound, pass, in the flesh, through the Metropolitan Cattle Market at Camden Town, on the road to our luncheon-tables. So do our succulent



"WHICH SHALL IT BE?"

joints—the princely sirloins and mottled short-ribs of beef, the plump, toothsome legs and saddles of mutton.

A good deal of inferior meat travels the same way before reaching the slaughter-house, and one has only to visit the market any Monday or Thursday morning to be convinced that bull- and cow-beef have not been entirely eliminated from the shops of some of our London butchers. But every animal that figures at this important centre of the Metropolitan cattle trade is, at all events, home-bred and home-fed, which a good many staunch Britons would consider an advantage; whereas, at Deptford, the other great trysting-place for the flocks and herds that contribute to the huge meat supply of this extensive capital, all is foreign.

The best day to take a look at the Metropolitan Cattle Market is Monday, between ten and eleven in the morning. Some two thousand beeves will be found on sale, along with, perhaps, ten thousand sheep, a few calves, and fifty or sixty milch-cows. Pigs, for the time, are denied admission, owing to the prevalence of swine-fever.

The market is held on a broad, rectangular space, some fifteen acres in extent, neatly paved with granite, and shut in by substantial iron railings, provided with great double iron gates on every side. Marking the centre of this expanse stands an octagonal building confined to a ground-floor, with a square tower springing from the core of the structure to rear its head aloft and there display the hour on the great white dials set in its four sides. The building at the base of this tower is divided into tenements—superintendent's and veterinary surgeon's offices, those of the market and railway companies, of banks and brokers.

One is used as a refuge for drovers. The market area comprises eight acres of standing-room for beasts, and four acres for sheep, besides about three acres of spacious open iron sheds raised on blocks of masonry three feet high. Accommodation is thus provided for 7000 beasts and 30,000 sheep, but 10,000 of the former have managed to find room here and have met with purchasers on very busy days. Bulls,



"WE SHALL MEET ANON."

bullocks, and cows pay a toll of 6d. a head, calves 3d., sheep 1½d. The southern part of the Market Square is reserved to horned cattle, the northern side to pigs, sheep, and calves. The former stand side by side in rows, fastened to wooden railings, with spaces between the several consignments—ox-beef, bull-beef, cow-beef, and milch-cows in separate categories. The fiery, sanguine-eyed, slobbering bulls are secured with particular attention, a rope being sometimes passed through the iron ring piercing their muzzles as an additional precaution. Sheep are confined in pens. Calves generally find place under the sheds.

The highest standard of cattle in the whole world for butcher's-meat, the beasts which supply the finest cuts of that famous "Roast Beef of Old England" renowned throughout the universe, and to which we are all so partial, are the Polled Aberdeen and Hereford oxen—the former black as coal, with curly pates and no horns; the latter red as Reynard, with white faces. Both breeds are remarkable for their relative small quantity of bone, their extra amount of flesh, and the rapidity with which they put it on. There is but a fraction difference in price between them. The Anderdeens yield those famous short Scotch sides to be met

with only at the shops of the very best purveyors of meat in London, and even they at times are unable to procure them.

These polled Anderdeens and Herefords cost the butcher 6½d. the pound as they stand in the market with their hides on, and it is the prime parts of such beasts as these that are retailed at 1s. 4d. the pound in the West End. The approximate price for fat bulls, the lowest grade of home-bred beef, is 4½d. the pound. Fat cows run a trifle higher.



THE SHEEP.



WEIGHING CATTLE.



THE OX'S OMNIBUS.

From Photographs by Mr. Pilkington.

Samples of cattle from nearly all parts of the United Kingdom are found at this market, but the Midland counties send by far the largest supply for sale.

Sheep that make the best mutton are the English Downs, then the Scotch; but practically there is little to choose between the two. Both cost the butcher approximately 8½d. the pound in the pens. The lowest grades are ewes and rams. They fetch about 5½d. the pound. When we get a chop tasting of wool, that is where it comes from. Its origin is unmistakable.

Some curious characters are met at the market who are quite typical of the trade they are engaged in. Florid-faced gents in West of England tweeds—roomy shooting-coats with capacious hip-pockets, baggy breeches and gaiters, thick-soled boots and bowler hats, spotted blue ties and stand-up collars. A few carry a short straw between the lips. All can tell you the winner of the next big race. Many of the butchers wear white twill overall coats reaching to the heels, or lemon-coloured waterproofs equally long; but some look so sedate in the orthodox attire of a well-to-do gentleman that you might take them almost for anything rather than dealers in joints of meat, until you catch them critically eyeing a bullock and passing their fingers over his bountifully fleshed buttocks.

Buyers are at vast pains to see they have value for their money. Sheep are subjected to very careful scrutiny. Seized by neck and leg, they are, without more ado, seated on their hind quarters. Then the right hand wanders over them, searching minutely into their thick, short wool, to ascertain their exact condition, which frequently takes some time. Bullocks get much less fingering and pawing than the sheep. In their ease, buyers seem to see at a glance what is before them. A gentle dig with a walking-stick, a slight pressure of the fingers upon the rump, the rapid passage of the hand between the beast's hind legs, generally suffices to turn the scale in a customer's mind.

Facing the southern side of the market are the public shambles of the County Council, where animals may be slaughtered and dressed on the most approved principles. This establishment meets with a large share of custom. Nevertheless, a good many butchers have their purchases driven home, to be turned into meat on their own licensed premises.

EDWARD VIZETELLY.

## TO A BEAUTY OF THE SEDAN.

The painter has pictured her *couleur de rose*,  
Which shows him accustomed to think  
That the era of doublet and buckles and hose  
Was playfully pretty and pink.  
Yet life in those days had its shadows of drab,  
In spite of its frivol and fan,  
No less than to-day, when we ride in a cab  
Instead of the stately Sedan.

The delicate beauties were powdered and patched;  
The bucks, in resplendent brocade,  
Could sue, with a grace of deportment unmatched,  
For the heart (or the hand) of a maid.  
To-day they seem almost as distant, I fear,  
As the kimonoed folk of Japan,  
Yet my lady could love with a laugh or a tear,  
Though she rode in a satin Sedan.

The youth had a sword, for the Duel was rife,  
And while he could graciously kneel,  
He often would pay for his love with his life,  
And carried his Honour by steel.  
He oft serenaded the maid of his heart  
In lyrics that scarcely would scan,  
Yet Nature was in him despite all the Art  
Of his frills and My Lady's Sedan.

We smile at My Lady, we laugh at My Lord,  
As so many dolls at a ball;  
A marionette with a ruffle and sword,  
A puppet we watch from a stall.  
And yet, underneath his brocade and his frill,  
The beau at his heart was a man;  
We watched at the play, with a throb and a thrill,  
For his saint in her scented Sedan.

The world has grown old, but it still is as gay,  
Though we dress in lugubrious black.  
Love, scouting December, lives ever in May,  
And Jill is as fond of her Jack.  
Miss Phyllis now cycles in tailor-made skirts,  
And talks of her leading the van;  
She flouts at her Strophen; yet loves him—and flirts,  
Like the Maid in that Dainty Sedan.

J. M. B.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

There is a fund of direct and somewhat barbaric energy in a recent story, "The Confession of Catherine Sforza" (Dent). The writer is Mr. John B. Ruff, but it reads much more like a good translation from the Italian. There is nothing in the least English about the style, or the form, or the sentiment; and the character of the chief personage, with her fierce straightforwardness, her swift action, her relentless vengeance, is altogether alien. It can hardly be recommended as a pleasing story, for it purports to be the *pièces justificatives* in the case of a woman who was executed for the murder of her husband. In truth, she had murdered two. But, save for her long patience with the second—and that was the result of mental shock probably—one cannot hold her in execration. She was born to fight with fate, to translate opinion into action, to trust once, and, if deceived, deal without mercy. She is the poles apart from the intellectual woman of the North, in whom mental activity leads rather to deliberation and to the weakening of the passions. As a girl she rushed into the revolutionary movement in Italy in the days of Charles Albert, in the teeth of her family, and at the instigation of a clever scoundrel of a tutor. She is fiercely disinterested and faithful. Honour and liberty are more to her than life, her own or another's. Hence, when the villain has filled her with suspicions, she kills her husband without remorse. Hence, after long years of marriage with the villain, she kills him too, without remorse, when his guilt is proved.

The "Voyageuses" of Paul Bourget have been put into English by Mr. William Marchant and published by Messrs. Downey, under the title of "Some Portraits of Women." There are six "Portraits"—otherwise, six short stories in the volume. They seemed rather dull when read in French; they are not livelier in English, for which Mr. Marchant is not to blame. But they have good stuff in them—good, solid stuff. And, then, M. Bourget has a great reputation. Over here one can understand his vogue. We like the flattery of imitation and admiration, and M. Bourget is as much of an Englishman as a Frenchman can ever be. He likes us, which is very original in one of his nation; he studies our ways and our literature; he pays us visits; and he has tried to give a good deal of his writing a consciously serious air. But, in his own country, it is not so easy to explain his fame. If a foreigner may be allowed to express a judgment, his style is not very distinguished; his boasted psychology is not very profound, but has only a rather ponderous utterance. For a man of undoubted talent, as he is, he has rather a blunt edge to his mind. Perhaps he has cultivated some of his natural keenness away. It may be his compatriots stand a little in awe of him because he is so unlike themselves. At all events, he has a reputation which a second reading of his work hardly ever justifies. And these "Voyageuses" stories are not above the average. "Faces of women, seen for a week, a day, an hour—the romance of whose lives I divined (or, perhaps, imagined) from some sudden incident of travel"—these have been the suggestions for the tales. His imagination has worked very slowly, one concludes. There is not a light touch anywhere.

Long years of neglect could not prove so great a hardship to new and unproven writers as the interest and advocacy of Mr. George Moore. It is doubtful if Mr. Edward Martyn, who has written two Irish plays, "The Heather Field" and "Maeve" (Duckworth), will ever recover from the Introduction which he has most imprudently allowed Mr. Moore to write for them. The Introduction concerns Mr. Martyn's work very little. True, he says that the hero of one of the plays is "the first appearance of humanity in the English prose drama of to-day," and that both are "perfectly constructed." But most of his time is taken up with telling how the world in general, and Mr. Archer in particular, has disappointed him in things dramatic. Only in one or two of the writers of the Celtic Renaissance does he find any hope. It is open to him to limit his sympathies, of course, and to talk indiscriminately about his enthusiasms of the moment, to his own confusion a year or two hence, if his present tastes last him as long, which is very doubtful.

But the protests cannot be too many against the outrages on taste which Mr. Moore offers in the name of criticism. He remarks, rather tritely, that "Catholicity in art consists in admiring such different things as the sculpture of the Parthenon and that of Chartres Cathedral; but if a third admiration"—and here he instances one in ridicule—"be introduced, we are forced to conclude that the critic has not understood either the first or the second." And the example he gives has been delicately chosen. It is that of an eminent artist, lately dead, whose works are before the public at the present moment, for judgment certainly, but serious judgment, not the flippant scorn of a parenthesis—that of an artist, also, who, for good or bad, had a very great deal in common with Mr. Moore's present friends of the Celtic Renaissance. Besides, more than one can play at his game; and, if we were to join in it, we should be doubting at every step his right to have any opinion at all on artistic matters, because of his rash enthusiasm for fifth-rate things. In talking of fifth-rate things, there can be no reference to the work of the Irish writers. Mr. Yeats is, in his sphere, supreme. Even Mr. Moore cannot make us doubt it. Mr. Martyn is interesting, too, in a very different degree; but it is a cruel fate that his modest experiments should be rhapsodised over as if they were those of a Shelley. The truth is, and it is no credit to anyone to arrive at it, for it is as plain as possible, that "The Heather Field" and "Maeve" are the works of a man with the soul of a poet undoubtedly, and a power of expression not equal to that of the average writer of prose.

A. M.



THE SEDAN-CHAIR.



LOOKING FOR ANDRÉE.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.



REMBRANDT.—PAINTED BY HIMSELF.  
*The Property of Lord Kinnaird.*

Never was there so good an opportunity of studying the greatest of Dutchmen. To go to-day to Burlington House is to live in Holland of the seventeenth century. The two hundred and fifty years which separate us from that time are "a mist that rolls away," and we breathe a Dutch atmosphere. Rembrandt was the painter of his own time and country. The time was when religious freedom had just been declared, and the country was brave, democratic Holland. Like Shakspere, Rembrandt is catholic in his sympathy. He can paint for us, with equal insight and knowledge, children or young and wistful women, young men on the verge of life or strong men who have fought their way, and he reads into old age the tenderest grace and pathos. His are not portraits only—they are *speaking* people.

In his early work we find portraits of his father, his mother, and his sister Lysbeth. About 1632 he left Leyden for Amsterdam, and soon we are introduced to the fair Saskia, who became his wife in 1634. She appears in Nos. 77, 84, and 80, and was probably the model for the virgin in the Duke of Westminster's "Salutation." After a few happy years, Saskia died, in 1642, leaving one boy, Titus. Then everything became clouded. Rembrandt's popularity waned owing to his somewhat revolutionary treatment of the portraits in the "Night Watch," and commissions gradually fell away. Rembrandt turned to Nature and to religious subjects, and his sitters were too frequently his personal friends. His faithful servant, Hendrike, was a favourite model, and in 1655 Titus was splendidly treated (23), and, later, in 1661 (82). But things went from bad to worse. In 1657 Rembrandt was declared bankrupt. His house and all his possessions—the rich accumulations of a devoted art-lover—were sold. Then, and later, his pictures were thrown away. A Dutch paper has recently published the price-lists of some of the sales, and the revelations are startling. Ten years after his death, the great picture of "The Adoration of the Magi" (66) brought £13, while "The Circumcision" (5) brought £19. Think of Lord Ilchester's noble Portrait (61) bringing the sum of £8, and the Glasgow "Man in Armour" (85) and Mr. Cartwright's "Peacocks" (101) each thrown away at £5. "Pleasant Landscapes" and portraits of the Master himself fetched a few shillings!

Rembrandt more than any other artist lets us follow the development of his style and manner. There are one or two

exceptions, of course, but, as a rule, it is one steady advance in breadth and easy facility and deepening insight into human hearts. Let us look round. In 1631 the early portraits are delicate and minute. Each hair is accentuated, and the detail is carried to a marvellous extreme. In 1632 he makes a stride, and we have a strong, accurate Man's Portrait (63) in the style of the doctors in the "Anatomy Lesson" of the same year. Then follows the wonderful "Shipbuilder and his Wife" (67)—a triumph in momentary expression. This picture changed hands twice during the first few years of this century, realising, in 1800, the sum of £726, and, shortly after, £1485, and finally was acquired for the Royal Collection for £5000.

From 1640 to 1643 he reaches the high-water mark of his middle period. His portraits at this time, especially of women, are revelations of sweet grace and expression. In 1651 we have the reserved and harmonious treatment of an Old Man (10), which again leads on to the more assured work of 1655. How wonderful is the fresh child-charm of the so-called "William the Third" (30), and how subtle the schoolboy character of No. 23! The same year probably can be ascribed to the "Man in Armour" (85). Some critics have thought that this is a study taken from a Greek coin, and others have suggested that the features are those of the Burgomeister Six. Then comes "The Lady with the Parrot" of 1657 (75), which in its cool tones and liquid touch rivals the work of Velasquez. Beside her hangs "The Merchant" (74), which has all the qualities of Rembrandt's strongest and best workmanship.

In the religious pictures again we can trace the same development in style and feeling. The early extravagant attempt, "Belshazzar's Feast" (58), gives place to the delicate work of "The Salutation" (52), or the exquisite tenderness of the "Isaac and Esau" (9). These broaden into the lovely "Tobit and his Wife" of ten years later (47), or the "Joseph's Coat" (98). Rembrandt was one of the great Individualists, who refused to pander to the public taste. When other Dutchmen were becoming *Italianised* or commonplace, to suit the growing fashion of the time, he alone remained vigorous and true to himself. His reward is that, from being Dutch of the Dutch, he has become the painter for all peoples.



THE SALUTATION.—REMBRANDT.  
*The Property of the Duke of Westminster.*

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" TELLS HIS IMMORTAL STORY TO NEW YORKERS  
AT DALY'S THEATRE.



Photo by Dupont, New York.]

MISS ADA REHAN AS PORTIA (AT HOME).  
"I never did repent for doing good, nor shall not now."



Photo by Dupont, New York.

MISS ADA REHAN AS PORTIA (IN THE COURT).  
"Be merciful! Take thrice the money—bid me tear the bond!"



THE SCENE IN THE COURT OF JUSTICE WHERE PORTIA COMES TO THE RESCUE OF THE DEBTOR.

SHYLOCK: *Shall I not have barely my principal?*

PORTIA: *Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture, to be so taken at thy peril, Jew!*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" TELLS HIS IMMORTAL STORY TO NEW YORKERS  
AT DALY'S THEATRE.



SHYLOCK SPEAKS TO BASSANIO.

"I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you."



THE POOR DEBTOR AND THE RUTHLESS JEW.

ANTONIO: *Hear me yet, good Shylock!*

SHYLOCK: *I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond.*

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

## THE LIFE OF LION: A DOG OF THE DRAMA.

Lion was for some years an interesting and interested member of the profession, for he was none other than Mr. Charles Arnold's celebrated dog who played so delightfully in "Hans the Boatman," at Terry's Theatre, and all over the world, having travelled round that orb twice with his master, once going from Sydney to Chicago, *via* London, a distance of over 17,150 miles, without a break. He was well known to readers of *The Sketch* all over the world, and even in such places as Wellington, Hobart Town, and Broken Hill, I feel sure that Lion had friends who will be glad to hear of "his life and last days," and who will join me in deplored his death.

Lion was a son of Bayard, the champion St. Bernard of England, but was registered at the Kennel Club under the name of Nord. He was a singularly handsome fellow, and so intelligent that he seemed to be human; and, like many another stroke of luck, his histrionic débüt was an accident, for Mr. Arnold was about to produce "Hans," and, though the author had made the temporarily blind hero feel his way about the stage with a stick, he conceived the idea of being led by a large dog, for he can do almost anything with children and animals, and always loves to have them about him. He was lucky enough to find Lion, with whom he at once struck up a great friendship, and who never left him again until incapacitated by old age; and, says his master, "he certainly was the best member of my company, for he never got drunk, was never once fined for being late, never threw his part about, and, though he was always in love with my little leading lady, it was a nice, calm, protective affection that created no ructions." Lion made his first appearance in the middle of the last decade, and at once became entirely devoted to his manager and his profession, and it was one of the most delightful things to see the huge brute lying quietly in his master's dressing-room until some few lines before his cue; then he would stroll quietly to the wings and there sit listening, with pricked ears, until his cue came, when he would take his place and play his part with care and sympathy. In "Hans" he was one of the attractions of the play, and his games with "the kiddies," waltz with his master, his pathetic discovery of the return of his repentant mistress, his scene in the kitchen with the child, and his dejection when his master recovers his sight and he finds his occupation gone, called forth tears any actor or actress would have been proud of. Domestically, he was also super-animal, and, if left in a room with the door closed, would search about until he found the bell, and then either pull the rope or press the button, as the case might be, and when the call was answered, would walk majestically out and "gang his ain gait."

In York he earned a reputation as a life-saver, having rescued a child from drowning in the Ouse, and once he caused great amusement in Liverpool by getting "run in." He was having his bath in the stable, and, not approving of his ablutioner, he slipped his collar and went off; but, even though he presented himself at the theatre in time for the evening performance, his master was compelled to answer to a summons for allowing him to be abroad without a collar or a muzzle. The learned judge commented on "such carelessness in such hot weather," whereupon Mr. Arnold explained, with some pride, how quiet the dog was, and that he had travelled and been twice through the Suez Canal. "Um, yes," said his lordship, "but the last thing he went through was his collar."

On the return voyage from Australia, late in 1896, Mr. Arnold

noticed that Lion was getting very feeble, beginning to move slowly and with difficulty, and, when his coat came out, no young hair grew, and so he had unsightly bald places on his hind quarters, and every night before he could go on the stage he had to be "made up," his master collecting the fallen hair and patching it on with spirit-gum. Then they went to South Africa, reaching Johannesburg the week of the Jameson Raid; but there Lion was able to play only three or four nights, for his audience had begun to notice his feebleness, and, when eleven years of age, and after six years of professional life, failing strength compelled him to retire and give his understudy, Carlo, a chance. His sorrow was great, and, when lying in the dressing-room, he would hear his cue and try to rise, falling back whining, but when the play was changed, and no dog required, he became happier. However, the end soon came, for when the company were about to start again on their travels it was found impossible to take poor old Lion, as it took two men to move him, so, rather than leave him in his suffering and helplessness to the mercy of strangers, Mr. Arnold called in the assistance of a local chemist, who gave him a rapid and painless *quietus*, and his remains now rest in a quiet spot on the Veldt, marked by a little stone. Lion was Edna's first playmate, the only one she loved for many years, and in "The Arnold Triangle" his achievements are still spoken of with love and admiration. Though he lies under the blue skies of the Sunny South and a substitute has been found, his memory is still green, and his place will never be filled.

H. T.



EDNA ARNOLD AND THE DOG, LION, WHO USED TO ACT WITH HER IN "HANS THE BOATMAN."

Photo by J. E. Middlebrook.

and to execute any design and to detect and foil every machination of his antagonist." This is claiming to have achieved more than any chess-author has yet done, and the author of so bold a statement ought to be very sure that his work justifies it. But it is not likely that many will agree with him.

Twenty pages are occupied with "Geometric," "Subgeometric," and "Logistic symbols," or, in simpler words, with showing the moves of the pieces; twenty-six with the discussion of a very simple manœuvre, and the introduction of a number of very strangely sounding phrases, such as "Prime Tactical Factor," "Fronts Offensive, Defensive, Auxiliary, Supporting, and of Interference" (indeed, all through the book Mr. Young exhibits a curious fondness for such expressions); six pages are devoted to showing that a piece can take one of the opponent's when *en prise*, and so on.

In the position on page 178, white, with the move, loses, although it is given to win either with or without the move; whereas, in that on the opposite page, white wins with or without the move, though it has a note—"White, if he has not to move, will win all the adverse pawns"; in "Evolution No. 108," given as a win for white either with or without the move, black wins in either case, and in No. 110, whichever has the move, wins, in spite of the note.

#### A NEW BOOK ON CHESS.

In "The Major Tactics of Chess," published by Sampson Low and Co., Mr. Franklin K. Young continues his attempt to establish what he calls a science of chess strategies. The attempt is not successful, for, although the book contains some things which would be of use to a beginner, particularly in the portion referring to the knight and pawn, they are mixed with a great deal that is absolutely worthless to anyone acquainted with the moves, and with not a little that is confusing, misleading, or even incorrect. In the preface, Mr. Young says of his work: "The student, having once committed these plots and counter-plots to memory, becomes equipped with a technique whereby he is competent to project



AT A COVENT GARDEN FANCY-DRESS BALL.



The Day of Assembly  
The "Raw Material".



The "Raw Material" clothed.



The Finished Article



"Au Revoir" next Year.

## A "HOOLIGAN" SUPPER.

I had hoped to attend the banquet in the character of a street-Arab, but chance threw me, instead, into the army of the Crusaders, and before I could show my colours I had enlisted, and was out against the Saracens of South London, attached to the staff of the "Kennington Devil-Drivers," the 1159th Regiment of the King's Own Army of Salvation. My greatest ambition was at last realised: I was a Special War Correspondent at the front!

As the Major and I deployed out of Kennington Lane, reconnoitring the hostilities, we caught the volleys of a lively skirmish by the Elephant and Castle, at which strategic point the first "open-air" company of volunteers was making a desperate stand against the enemy. Our troops had formed a hollow square, and, though surrounded by an overwhelmingly superior force, were more than holding their own. We hurried up to join them, and gave our own voices to the Cause.

It was after ten o'clock, and predatory

"Hooligans," street-walkers, and a shivering army of the homeless encompassed our little Forlorn Hope of sharpshooters, who were firing words of hope into the hearts of the throng. The Blue Brigade fought like heroes all that night. There was round after round of hallelujahs, gallant charges of entreaty and promise, and by ones and twos the men and lasses fell—fell to their knees, aimed a prayer, and formed again.

What did it mean? How were we to make those half-starved wretches believe it were better to drudge for eighteen shillings a week than to "lift" five pounds in half that time? But the Brigadier knew the proper range, elevation, and charge, and his shots went home. It is an old story now, this fanatical street minstrelsy; but, though we smile and toss our shilling to the silver-faced girls with banner or drum, it is always new and always wonderful, this strange mixture of mysticism, exaltation, and Holy Text, the promise of Life Everlasting, the slang, the cheap music, and the grotesque display, all of which, mixed in the open air and rain, spiced with persecution and ridicule, savoured with the mud of the street, makes a spell that brings the blackguard and the professional criminal to his knees. It is the old miracle-play rewritten to suit the times; but it is not priestcraft—it is friendcraft, and, in virtue of that distinction, it is alive and human, casting off the shroud of the dark ages.

We retreated in good order, then, after the battle, and marched four abreast through the slime of the Newington Butts, singing "Saved by the Blood of the Lamb." At corner and corner we were reinforced by other squads of street-skirmishers, who fell in at our rear, and, with a fascinated escort of pavement-stragglers, we got back in a triumphal procession to the Barracks. There, besieging the old chapel, were the hundred "Hooligans" invited to attend the armistice.

They had all been selected by Brigadier Hoggard's staff, or by the "Slum Officers"—women of the Army who live in the purlieus, week in and week out, doing "settlement work," but unskilled in scientific "sociology," and compiling reports for no University. It is their business to learn the life and language of the poor, and to insert the thin edge of salvation, helping the slatternly drunkard from the gutter, nursing the sick, clothing the naked. They speak the dialect of the alley; they believe in filling a man's stomach before they offer him the bread of Eternal Life.

So the "Hooligans" filed in, and made pell-mell for the triple row of tables, and took their seats at the benches—as precious a set of scoundrels as you could pick out of the Rogues' Gallery. Here was "Mustard," a crop-haired, low-browed lad with a villainous scowl, squat and stocky, who had recently done ten days' time for breaking a policeman's nose. Here was "Spug" Rafferty, who was known by the Staff, though not by the police, to have "busted" a house in South Lambeth only last week, and there were a score of others, self-confessed highwaymen and sneak-thieves, pointed out to me. There was "Stodger," who had the unique distinction of not having taken a drink, or "lifted a jerry," or knocked down a "copper" for—two weeks! There were men and boys, in cliques and gangs, who would go out of the hall and "stand a bloke on his head" before morning as surely as they would eat seven sandwiches during the evening.



BRIGADIER HOGGARD.

Photo by Starr, Cambridge.

We fed them beef and bread and tea till the Commissary Department had emptied its larder. The record was something like ten cups of tea, and is held, I think, by "Stodger" himself. For many of them, this "tuck-in" would have to last for several days, and what "puddin'" they could not swallow was carried away in their pockets.

We passed amongst them, gossiping and getting acquainted, under the pretence of inciting them to new attacks upon the provender, until at last their fury lulled, and they were in condition for the feast of unworldly wisdom that was to follow. Meanwhile, in the bank of seats above the platform at the end of the hall, a choir of saints in blue haloes had been singing gospel songs, set to the tunes of the street, their pale, ascetic, thin-lipped faces framed in the dark bonnets of the Order of the Weltschmertz.

As Commissioner Coombs gave his straightforward, plain-worded talk, Brigadier Hoggard, who has instituted the movement and propelled it with his own personal force and magnetism, leaned over the railing and watched the faces of the gathering. It is the Brigadier who knows many things about the "Hooligan" which the police do not know, for he has gained their confidence by a career of tact and discretion and good advice. I do not doubt that he knows the secret leaders of the "Borough" and the "New Cut" gangs, men who are well-dressed and respectable in appearance, and yet direct the piracies of their respective "mobs." He knows perhaps who is "wanted" for that job in Brixton last Saturday night, but, though he will not tell, you may be sure that he is doing his best to get the criminals to confess, and it is not so unlikely that he will succeed, either.

The Brigadier knows, too, how the "Hooligans" and pickpockets put the "splits," or detectives, off the scent, where the "fences" are that change stolen watches into good coin, and he can show you places in South London where a well-dressed man's life is not safe after dark. And yet, knowing all this, he has faith that he can in time touch such hearts and rescue some brands from the burning. He is wise; he believes in works as well as faith, and you may feel sure that, beside the mysteries of his creed, he depends also upon the power of human love. So, with his doctrine, he offers to these friendless, homeless, hopeless guests sympathy, counsel, and aid.

The Brigadier points to one or two absorbed faces, who seem to have found a friend for the first time to offer them an open-handed fellowship, and he shows one or two more young men who have done honest work ever since he has met them. The Brigadier is not easily discouraged, for he has seen a sinner profess repentance in church, go up to the altar-rail, and come out with the communion-plate hidden under his coat.

These feasts cost the Headquarters Staff about a pound a night, but as yet the officers have not attempted to enlist public support in the way of contributions, for they are feeling their way, confident that the money will come if the cause is worthy.

We have had the Missionary Crusaders who go forth armed with tracts, the Charity Crusaders who strew shillings among beggars, and the Sociological Crusaders who compile statistics. There are many Orders in the Church of Rome who do better than these, but all work at best through interpreters. This is a new experiment, bound to the same end, but armed with different weapons; we may help, hinder, watch, or ignore it, as we will; but the Forlorn Hope pushes on through Darkest England, under the yellow, red, and blue flag.

GELETT BURGESS.



COMMISSIONER NICOL.

Photo by the Salvation Army Studio.

In "The Sketch-Book of British Birds" (S.P.C.K.) we have a new contribution to ornithology from the able pen of Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, who has written what he modestly describes as "a few notes" on the series of coloured illustrations drawn by Messrs. A. F. and C. Lydon. Many of these little pictures deserve very high praise for their accuracy in form and coloration, and they have been reproduced in a manner which reflects credit on the printers. Dr. Sharpe's Systematic Index is a valuable feature of the work. He has extended hospitality even to such rare chance visitors as the Flamingo and American Darter, and thus brings up the number of birds on the British list to 445 species. The book is well worth having if only by reason of this complete list, which shows at a glance whether any given bird has been known to occur in these islands. As a gift-book this happy blend of the scientific with the popular must be strongly recommended to the notice of parents.



[Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.]

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS, WHO MAKES "MY 'SOLDIER' BOY" SO AMUSING.

Miss Jeffreys is one of our very best comédiennes, for she comes of Irish stock. She made her first big "hit" in "His Little Dodge," at the Royalty. She was excellent in "The Dove-cot," and now she compels us to laugh heartily in "My 'Soldier' Boy." She was married in 1894 to the Hon. Frederick Curzon, the second son of Lord Howe, and has a son and a daughter.

## THEATRE NOTES.

"My 'Soldier' Boy" has proved a great success at the Criterion, and even when Mr. Wyndham's postponed reopening has to take place, the farce will possibly be removed to another theatre. Mr. Maltby, one of the authors of the piece, plays the rather silly step-father of the hero with a keen sense of humour. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is very amusing, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys is, as always, perfectly delightful. The curtain-raiser, "Nicolète," is unusually good. Altogether, a most enjoyable evening may be spent at the Criterion.

It seems to have been forgotten that the famous Dejazet, who created the boy's part in "Les Premières Armes de Richelieu," now known as "The Court Scandal," played that character at the Opéra Comique Theatre in the Strand when she was close upon eighty years of age. She had a neat, dapper, and symmetrical little figure, and in appearance somewhat resembled that most admirable old-time actress, Charlotte Saunders. In connection with this fanciful Dresden China little play, it has been stated, with some force of dogmatism, that the era of accurate and skilled fencing on the stage began with Henry Irving. Has the famous duel in "The Corsican Brothers," at the old Princess's Theatre, in the late 'fifties, between Charles Kean and Alfred Wigan—succeeded by Walter Lacy—already been forgotten? As a matter of fact, Charles

Kean and Alfred Wigan were the favourite pupils of Angelo, the famous *maitre d'armes*, and might have been seen constantly practising at his gymnasium in St. James's Street. The two actors were hard to beat. Next to them, by far the best stage-fencer of the Victorian era was



Mr. Alfred Maltby, the Co-Author of "My 'Soldier' Boy," as the Step-father of Mendle.

Edmund Leathes, who played Laertes to the Hamlet of Henry Irving. The duel between Henry Irving and Bancroft in "The Dead Heart," at the Lyceum, was, no doubt, effective, but it was an exceedingly dangerous experiment, since both actors are extremely short-sighted, and, of course, were unable to wear their glasses.

Charlotte Cushman is reported to have played Hamlet with success, and her commanding presence, and strong, somewhat masculine face were doubtless of enormous assistance to her in the part. Our own country-woman, Miss Alice Marriott, when at Sadler's Wells in the 'sixties, attempted to fill the same exacting rôle. I remember seeing Vestvali play Romeo to Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer's Juliet more than thirty years ago, but the assumption was hardly satisfactory. Miss Esmé Beringer's Romeo is fresh in the memory of playgoers, who regarded the performance with mixed feelings. The great Sarah is said to be studying the part of the Prince of Denmark, which seems a pity, for she has never shown any grasp of Shaksperian character, and her charms are certainly not of a masculine description; and now that earnest and ambitious artist, Miss Janette Steer, has decided to show the provinces how the Melancholy Dane should be played. Miss Steer is starting a tour in Ireland. She will play the rôles of Hamlet, Juliet, La Tosca, and Galatea, a selection which shows the lady's courage, though it may lack that discretion which has been considered

the better part of valour. As a matter of curiosity, I hope Miss Steer may let Londoners see her Hamlet; but only as a matter of curiosity, for I am persuaded that no woman that ever breathed could give artistic life to any one of Shakspeare's heroes.



Miss Ellis Jeffreys is really married to Mendle, but has to masquerade as his serving-maid, to satisfy the Step-father. In order to do this she tucks up the revers of her gown and turns back her cuffs.



Poor Mendle (Mr. Weedon Grossmith) is really a solicitor, but has to pretend to be a Colonel of Hussars to satisfy his Step-father. He is thrown from his horse, with this result.

## "THE DAY THE KING COMES OWRE THE WATER."

It is nearly two centuries since the Countess Marischal wrote the pathetic ballad which summed up the hopes of her race. She saw her father the Earl of Perth's honours forfeited. She bade her two boys good-bye while they were yet young—one of them, James Keith, was to fall for Prussia at Hochkirch; the other, George, the last of his line, was to die an exile at Potsdam. And still she had hope that the Stuarts would yet come back to their throne. To-day that hope seems farther off than ever, although the recent decorating of Charles the First's statue at Charing Cross showed the man in the street who knows no history that the House of Hanover is questioned even yet by some of our fellow-countrymen. Take, for instance, the gorgeous crown of golden-yellow immortelles that came all the way from Scotland, with a headsman's axe, formed of myrrh and blades of grey moss, which Viscount Dupplin sent from Findrach, in Aberdeenshire, the date 1649 standing out in red holly-berries. The movement has poetry (if not practicality) in it. It is picturesque, but has ceased to be poignant. The greatness



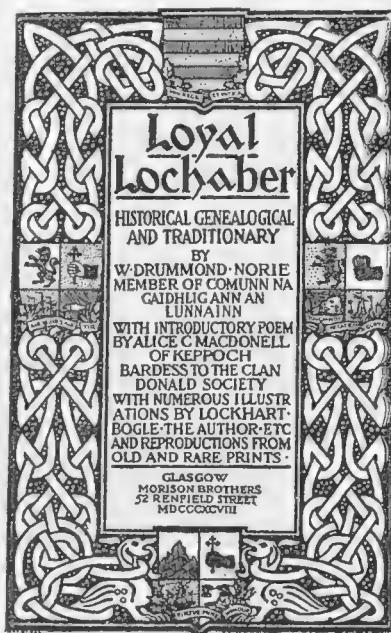
THE AXE THAT BEHEADED CHARLES I.  
IN FLOWER FORM.

Photo by Webster, Edinburgh.

and goodness of Victoria *Regina* has deferred even the hopes that might have been entertained when she came to the throne; and that, too, although the most recent writer with Stuart sympathies maintains that "there exists in Britain no such ardent Jacobite as the Queen herself," who declared proudly long ago that Stuart blood runs in her veins: "I am now their representative." But the Stuarts proper are still "owre the water," for Queen "Mary IV." reigns only in Munich.

There has recently been a recrudescence of Jacobite literature. Edinburgh and Glasgow send their tributes, for Messrs. Johnston have reissued the "Historical Geography of the Clans of Scotland," which the late Mr. T. B. Johnston and Colonel James A. Robertson published seven-and-twenty years ago. The present volume, which is the third issue of the book, has been edited with a narrative of the Highland campaigns of Mr. William Kirk Dickson, and is indispensable to the student of Stuartism in Scotland. There is a magnificent coloured map of the territory of the clans. We get the whole history of the clans in miniature—the names and numbers (from 1587), their chiefs, their badges and war-cries; while General Wade's famous report on the Highlands, 1724, and the harsh Disarming Act are reported *in extenso*. The second part deals with the Stuart campaigns from the days of Montrose down to Culloden—and after. A number of portraits and plans complete this valuable volume.

Much less formal, and dealing with the comparatively small area known as Lochaber, is the handsome book, "Loyal Lochaber," which Mr. W. Drummond Norie has written, and Messrs. Morison Brothers, of Glasgow, have published. The immortal lyric of Allan Ramsay, "Lochaber No More," has cast a spell of romance round this country, which even the invasion of the West Highland Railway—round which the book is primarily written—could never dispel. Lochaber, hitherto so inaccessible, is the land of the Camerons—to whose chief the book is dedicated—the Macdonells of Keppoch, one of whom, Miss Alice C. Macdonell, the Bardess of the Clan Donald Society, has prefaced the book with some stirring verses, entitled (in Gaelic), "Lochaber for Ever." Mr. Drummond Norie has gone over this sacred land with loving care, devoting special attention to the fatal Forty-Five and after. Everybody who has had to do with the book has done the very best. Mr. Lockhart Bogle's pictures are excellent; indeed, all the seventy illustrations are good, and the format of the book is a credit to Glasgow and the publishers. Romance lurks in every corner—the romance of history, beside which the mere novel pales. Equipped with such guides to the picturesque past of the Stuart cause, one cannot wonder that Jacobitism still has its devotees.



A NOTABLE TITLE-PAGE.  
Designed by Mr. J. A. Duncan.

## HORS D'OEUVRES.

The tenancy of the Elysée certainly seems to qualify its possessor for a speedy removal to Elysium. French Presidents have mostly had few days and evil. It is not pleasant to be the chief of a nation imbued with the spirit of equality, unless you are conspicuously greater than your theoretical subordinates. Louis XIV. and Napoleon were worshipped and obeyed because they were undoubtedly superior to the masses of Frenchmen, and each Frenchman took a pride in magnifying the majesty of the man who ruled him. But the French Presidents have been men in no way strikingly above the average, and the feeling of the ordinary citizen with regard to his chief has been, very naturally, that there seems no particular reason why a Grévy or a Carnot, a Périer or a Faure, should be accounted any better or bigger than anybody else. It is the same in the United States, but the more law-abiding and phlegmatic temper of the Anglo-Saxon saves Americans from the evil consequences so evident in France. Briefly, a French President is the representative and chief of a nation most of whose members feel an instinctive desire to belittle him, and there is no wonder that sensitive men and vain men are driven into retirement or apoplexy.

The new President, chosen with remarkable speed and agreement, may be a strong man; he has certainly given proof of a rare power of reticence in leaving his opinion of the *Affair* a matter of doubt. He has also been denounced by Rochefort and Drumont on the evidence of Quesnay de Beaurepaire, which is about as good testimony to character as any honest man could want. He is apparently free from the harmless vanity which made M. Faure so desirous of showing off, and probably caused him to feel the slings and arrows of an outrageous Press far too much. But it is not enough to be calm, and even callous; the state of French society demands a certain amount of healthy brutality. About a dozen of the loudest and most foul-mouthed Pressmen on both sides ought to be laid by the heels with a contemptuous roughness just short of cruelty. It is not enough to be respectable and blameless; the chief of the French State wants to have a horsewhip, and use it without grudging. Otherwise, with all his integrity, he will be a Daniel thrown into a den of liars, and it is to be feared that no angelic muzzling order will be enforced against them. The trivial fines and comfortable imprisonments of the French law of libel are wasted on the slanderers who throw sewage at the representative of their country merely because he has not conspicuously taken sides with their faction. Hard labour is what these gentry need.

A few days will probably show us what to expect from M. Loubet. He seems a brave man; but is his courage active or passive? For the courage that consists in standing up as a cock-shy for scavengers is not what the circumstances demand. The danger of France lies in the fact that everybody seems afraid of everybody else. No one, not even the most lawless, wants to incur any responsibility. A resolute man who is not afraid of technical illegality can do pretty much what he likes. France is aching for a leader with self-confidence and a heavy hand, to bludgeon the Press into quietude and decency, and make the Exhibition a success. He need not be magnificent; a homely, hard-working man will do, but he must have a personality. The worthy Loubet may possess that; but hitherto he has carefully concealed it. Somehow, one gets rather a negative impression from the particulars published concerning his career. He has never done anything wrong, except, perhaps, trying to hush up the Panama scandal; and even this, if done, was not for himself.

It is to be feared that the new President may take refuge within his inviolability, and refuse to do anything except at the bidding of the majority. If he does this, he is lost, for the majority in France does not know what it wants. He must make his presence and influence felt. For instance, he must not allow a foreign journalist to be expelled for writing on the Dreyfus case in strong language, when Parisian journals surpass him a hundredfold in savagery and slander. He must require the agitators who daily inflame the public mind with the wildest revelations to prove their statements or suffer ignominious punishment. Nor must his personal stoicism prevent him from vindicating the dignity of his position. He is the chosen head and representative of a great nation; those who traduce and attack him, if they cannot prove their charges, are wantonly degrading the dignity of their country. It is an infamous crime to sell military secrets to a possible enemy, but is it any better to seek to make government impossible by virulent attacks on the head of the State?

An elective head, no less than a hereditary Sovereign, is clothed with the dignity of his country. Unjustified attacks on him are *lèse-majesté* even more than is similar abuse of a ruler born to a throne. For the hereditary Sovereign is more securely placed, and can afford to despise petty attacks. But the elected President, if widely unpopular, falls. There is no personal loyalty or family tradition to save him. A monarchy can be great and prosperous when nominally under a weak and worthless Sovereign, and attacks on the private personality of a King do not necessarily damage the nation. A President is one man alone. He represents no principle, merely expediency. Hence he cannot afford to despise all calumniators: Will the new President see this?

Félix Faure  
Is no more;  
And Loubet,  
Will he stay?

MARMITON.

HANS ANDERSEN'S PRETTY STORY OF "THE RED SHOES," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

*From Photographs by Deneulain, Baker Street, W.*



*Darinka (Miss Casaboni) stole the pretty scarlet shoes from the church, and is condemned by the Avenging Angel to dance for ever.*



*Miss Julie Seale plays the part of the Spirit of Temptation, who urges Darinka to steal the shoes.*

## THE REVIVAL OF "THE ALCHEMIST."

When Mr. William Poel, the Director of the Elizabethan Stage Society, determined to revive Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Alchemist," he looked about for some suitable place wherein to present the play. After some hesitation, he hit upon the Hall of the Society of Apothecaries, in Water Lane, Blackfriars, and here, by kind permission of the Master and Wardens of the Court, "The Alchemist" was played on Friday evening and on Saturday afternoon.

To the casual reader, the Company of Apothecaries may seem to have small connection with Ben Jonson; he will be interested then to learn that the Hall of the Apothecaries exists on (or, at any rate, quite close to) the site of the old Blackfriars Theatre, where most of Jonson's plays were given, and where Shakspere himself acted. Mr. Poel presented the play in, as far as possible, the same way as it was produced in the seventeenth century; there was no scenery, no waits between the scenes and acts, and no incidental music. The players were dressed in Elizabethan costume, and the comedy was played straight through, from beginning to end, just as it was when it was first performed upon the stage of the Blackfriars Theatre.

It has always been Mr. Poel's object, in reviving some play of the Elizabethan period, to choose the place of representation with a view to its peculiar fitness for the occasion. Last February the Society produced Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, "The Coxcomb," in the

Hall of the Inner Temple.

This was selected because Beaumont was a member of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. On another occasion the Benchers of the Middle Temple expressed their willingness that a representation of "Twelfth Night" should be given in the old Hall of the Middle Temple. Here, accordingly, Shakspere's immortal comedy was given. This revival possessed unusual interest, because it was in the Hall of the Middle Temple that the play was first acted in 1602. The Elizabethan Stage Society

has also revived plays in the Halls of Gray's Inn, of the Merchant Taylors' Company, of the Charterhouse, of the Goldsmiths' Company, and in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House.

"The Alchemist" was first acted in 1610 by the King's servants. The probability is that it was played at the Blackfriars Theatre, for here the company of players known as the King's Men acted from 1610 to 1642. The same company also at this time occupied the Globe Theatre, so it is impossible to state quite definitely where "The Alchemist" was first performed.

The Blackfriars Theatre was erected in 1597 by James Burbage, famous in the annals of the drama as the first builder of a theatre in England. It was probably in the year 1577 that Burbage erected, "on a piece of land situated between Finsbury Fields and the public road from Bishopsgate and Shoreditch," the first building in this country specially intended for theatrical performances. Appropriately enough, the name of "The Theatre" was bestowed upon it. Soon after this enterprise, which turned out to be a very successful one, another playhouse, "The Curtain," was built, though not by Burbage, near to the Theatre.

The establishment of houses in the Metropolis destined for theatrical representations was not allowed to proceed without vigorous outcry and denunciations on the part of the Puritans, who so worked on the feelings of the Corporation of London that the Lord Mayor was persuaded to petition the Privy Council to suppress these hotbeds of iniquity. On July 28, 1591, the Council, in reply to the Lord Mayor, ordered the owners of the Theatre and the Curtain to "pluck down" their houses.

This, however, the owners refused to do, and the order was not enforced. But Burbage and his fellow-actors resented this interference with what they considered their lawful rights, and accordingly, in 1596, Burbage determined to found a playhouse in a place outside the jurisdiction of the Corporation of London.

He chose a spot in the "Preston and Liberty of Blackfriars," and obtained from Sir William More, by a deed of feoffment, part of a large house, formerly belonging to Sir Thomas Cawarden, Master of the Revels, which he soon proceeded to convert into a theatre. In November 1596 the inhabitants of Blackfriars petitioned the Privy Council to suppress this playhouse. In the petition they state "that there hath not at any tyme heretofore been used any common playhouse within the same precinct, but that now, all players being banished by the Lord Mayor from playing within the City by reason of the great inconveniences and ill-rule that followeth them, they now thinke to plant themselves in liberties." This petition, however, availed nothing. When the Blackfriars Theatre was first opened, it was leased out to the company of boy-actors known as "The Queen's Children of the Chapel." By this company many of Ben Jonson's plays were performed. It was not until December 1609 or January 1610 that the theatre was occupied by Shakspere's company of players.

"At the end of 1609," says Mr. Sidney Lee in his "Life of William Shakspere," "the Burbages, the owners of the Blackfriars Theatre, placed in it the men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspere, &c.

To these and other actors they allotted shares in the receipts, the shares numbering eight in all. The profits were far smaller than at the Globe, and, if Shakspere held one share, it added not more than £100 a-year to his income, and that not until 1610."

"The Royal Theatre, Blackfriars," according to D. Doran, was the most nobly patronised of all the houses opened previous to the Restoration. "The grown-up actors," he says, "were the most skilled of their craft, and the boys and apprentices were the most fair and effeminate that could be procured and could profit by

instruction. On this stage Shakspere enacted the Ghost in 'Hamlet,' Old Adam, and a similar line of characters usually intrusted to the ablest of the performers of the second class." In the year 1619 the Lord Mayor and the Council of London took upon themselves to order "the discontinuance of the playhouse at Blackfriars, on petition of the inhabitants representing the inconvenience and blocking up of the thoroughfares occasioned by the great resort of people." In spite, however, of the order, the players were able to keep the theatre open, on the plea that it was a private house. In 1629 a mixed French company of men and women played there, and were "hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage."

In 1637 the "players, upon a little abatement of the plague, even in the first week of Lent, set up their bills and began to play in the Blackfriars and other houses." The Archbishop of Canterbury complained of this to the King, who commanded that they should play no more. By an ordinance of the Lords and Commons of Sept. 2, 1642, "public stage plays" were suppressed, and the player's vocation was for a time at an end.

On Aug. 5, 1655, the Blackfriars Theatre was pulled down, and tenements built in the room. On a portion of the site now stands the Hall of the Apothecaries' Company, and hard by is "Playhouse Yard," all that now remains to remind one of the old theatre. Until last week, no version of "The Alchemist" had been seen on a London stage since Garrick produced a version of it known by the title of "The Tobacconist." This was written in the year 1771, and differs vastly from Ben Jonson's original. In "The Alchemist," Abel Drugger is but a minor character; Garrick made him the principal person.



THE GREAT HALL OF THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, WHERE "THE ALCHEMIST" WAS PERFORMED  
LAST FRIDAY EVENING.  
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

## THE PINERO REVIVALS.

## "SWEET LAVENDER," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Three of Mr. Pinero's plays were revived last week—"Mrs. Tanqueray" on Monday, and "Sweet Lavender" (at Terry's) and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith" on Wednesday. "Sweet Lavender" is older than



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS LAVENDER.

*She is sorting out Clement's books from those of Mr. Phenyl, who wishes to sell his little library in order to get Lavvy away to the country.*

either of the others, and yet I fancy it would have a better chance of life than they. "Lavvy" is still the delightful, impossible creature that everyone loves, Dick has lost none of his well-emphasised pathos and humour, Mrs. Gilfillian is as quaint a caricature of the county lady as ever. We can enjoy the scenes of laughter and tears connected with the three couple of lovers, Wedderburn and his Ruth, Minnie and Mr. Bream, Clemmy and Sweet Lavender, and their grotesque fairy-godfather, even if there are soliloquies and solecisms here and there which surprise the curious playgoer. It is impossible to think of the eleven-year-old play without a sorrowful recollection of the little actress with the gorgeous hair who remains firm in our hearts as the true Sweet Lavender. Miss Blanche Horlock was charming in the part. Miss Nina Boucicault acts it with great skill and suggestion of character, but our hearts are true to poor Miss Rose Norreys. I have never seen any Dick Phenyl save Mr. Edward Terry. He seems to play the part more heavily than before, but is in no wise less successful in commanding tears and laughter. Miss Maude Millett is quite an ideal actress for such a part as that of Minnie, and her return to the stage to play in it is very welcome. Mr. Ben Webster as Bream was, perhaps, more embarrassed by the need for an accent than Mr. Fred Kerr or Mr. Dana, his two clever predecessors, but, nevertheless, gave an agreeable performance. The "Clemmy" of Mr. Marsh Allen showed once more how clever Mr. Pinero is in choosing the right young actor for a part. By the time the first act was over half the house had spoken of his easy, sincere, manly acting. To me the perfect thing in the representation is the Ruth Rolt of Miss Carlotta Addison. One cannot apply adjectives to perfection. Mr. Alfred Bishop's Dr. Delaney is one of my most cherished memories of the first "first night" in 1888, and Mr. Richard Purdon did not dethrone it, although his genial acting was very clever and effective. No doubt I ought to mention Miss Victor, who does not seem to have changed in the least in her presentation of Mrs. Gilfillian since '88.

## THE NEW LAVENDER.

Miss Nina Boucicault is a clever member of a clever race and of one of the oldest stage families. She was born in Regent Street not very many years ago, but educated first in Brighton, then in Paris, and then

"finished" in Düsseldorf. She returned to London for a time, and then took a long holiday in Italy, going from there on to America with her father, where she made her first professional appearance when hardly sixteen years of age, and during the tour visited all the principal towns of the United States, as well as Canada, playing chiefly in parts which had been created by her mother, such as Moya in "The Shaughraun," Eily in "The Colleen Bawn," Arrah in "Arrah-na-Pogue," and Kate in "Kerry," and in all scored successes. Then the family went to Australia for three months, and, as she and her brother had very tempting offers, they decided to remain in the colonies for a year, their father returning to America alone, and during that year Miss Boucicault played Louise in "The Two Orphans," Hazel in "Hazel Kirk," Susan in "Held by the Enemy," and Sophia. From the Antipodes the brother and sister came home, and here are now firmly established favourites and quite at the top of the tree, for our latest Lavender has already scored very marked successes in "The New Boy," "The Private Secretary," "Charley's Aunt," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Shopwalker," "The Matchmaker," "The Court of Honour," and "Mr. Martin." Miss Boucicault is now Mrs. Kelly, the wife of that clever member of Mr. Charles Hawtrey's company, and since her marriage she has lived chiefly on the top of Harrow Hill. She is a quiet, simple little soul, a great reader, an excellent housekeeper, and much happier at home than when mixing with the "giddy throng."

## "MRS. TANQUERAY" AGAIN.

When Mrs. Patrick Campbell introduced Pinero to Kennington last week, Mr. Robert Arthur's beautiful theatre was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. The West-End, in the persons of Lady Queensborough, Lady Edith Douglas, the Austrian Ambassador, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and others who seldom cross the river, was there; and well it might, for I know no West-End playhouse so good as the Princess of Wales's Theatre. The newness of the house stood out in contrast to the play. Having seen "Mrs. Tanqueray" thirteen times, I may claim to know the possibilities of the play. Mrs. Campbell's company certainly does not realise "Mrs. Tanqueray" for me. Mr. Courtney Thorpe, to my mind, utterly spoilt the fine part of Caley Drummie, which he played in the key of farce. I have seen a provincial audience, even with a good representation, misunderstand the rôle of Caley utterly, but if you play it for the laugh it becomes utterly impossible. Mr. Nutcombe Gould was fairly good, and Miss Dorothy Hammond



A BUST OF DUMAS, IN MR. TREE'S POSSESSION.

looked Eileen. Mr. Bertie Thomas is the best Ardale I have ever seen, and he played his first entry from the garden with more power than any of his predecessors. Mrs. Campbell, of course, is the great thing, and she was, on the whole, as good as ever, with a slight tendency, I thought, to underact the earlier scenes. But, altogether, I fear that "Mrs. Tanqueray" does not wear well as a play, not nearly so well as "Sweet Lavender" does.

## OLD FRIENDS.

"The Three Musketeers" has proved a great draw at the Garrick, surviving no fewer than three d'Artagnans—Mr. Waller, Mr. Esmond, and Mr. Loraine. This picture is a capital representation of the incredible duelling scene.

The Committee for the approaching Racine Commemoration should secure, if they are still in France, some most interesting souvenirs of the famous tragic writer. The first is a copy of the *Editio Princeps* of Sophocles, with manuscript notes, both in ink and in pencil, in the autograph of Racine, in Greek, Latin, and French, some being variant readings, others suggestions of the dramatist. This book belonged to the Parisian bibliographer and publisher, Antoine Augustin Renouard, who regarded it as one of his treasures, inasmuch as it was in constant use by Racine and helped to inspire his greatest works. Renouard also possessed a copy of Aristophanes with some notes by Racine; but, as tragedy

rather than comedy was the latter's forte, this Aristophanes is naturally not nearly so interesting as the Sophocles.

"The Sorrows of Satan" appear to have had but a sorrowful time in New York. On two consecutive evenings a first-night crowd was brought to the theatre in the most appalling weather, and on both occasions dismissed, the show being in an unfinished state as regards scenery. On the third night the play was produced, admirably staged, and was loudly applauded by the audience, but damned on the following day by the critics. It retained its place in the bill, however, for two or three weeks; but financial troubles came thick and fast, the Sheriff played an important part for which he had certainly not been specially engaged by the management, and the theatre was closed.



THE SWORD COMBAT IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

*Photo by the American Biograph and Mutoscope Syndicate.*

## "OOM PAUL."

It is reported that the Transvaal Press are urging a boycott of all things British. That long-headed old gentleman President Kruger is too wise to show such antipathy, and, judging from the chatty letter of an English lady now touring in the Transvaal,

"Oom Paul" has no intention of accepting the advice of the Dutch journals, at any rate as far as British ladies are concerned. The writer of the letter I have referred to and a lady friend were desirous of an introduction to the President, and were taken to his unpretending mansion—or bungalow, as it is described—by a mutual friend. "Oom Paul" was seated outside his mansion, on what is, I think, called the "stoep," in the company of three Boer officials and a spittoon, and was busily engaged with a long pipe. By the aid of the friend who acted as interpreter, mutual introductions took place, and the President made many pretty speeches, and

asked many questions regarding the travels of the visitors. The ladies then produced several photographs of their distinguished host, and begged that he would affix his autograph to them. He went to the house with much alacrity for pen and ink, and gave the desired signature with greater amiability than speed—one of the ladies standing over her victim the while. The guests then inspected the bungalow, noted the chief living-room, the principal volumes in the library of which were a large Bible and a Life of Kruger; had a peep at Mrs. Kruger, who was, unfortunately, confined to her room, and once more joined the President and his friends on the "stoep," where cordial farewells were spoken, and the ladies left much impressed by the extraordinary countenance it had pleased "Oom Paul" to show them.



"THE SORROWS OF SATAN," AS PLAYED IN NEW YORK.

*Photo by Byron, New York.*

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up : Wednesday, March 1, 6.38 ; Thursday, 6.39 ; Friday, 6.41 ; Saturday, 6.43 ; Sunday, 6.45 ; Monday, 6.46 ; Tuesday, 6.48.

I remember in Chicago witnessing an odd sight. It was a tandem bicycle ridden by a couple of one-legged men. One was minus his left limb, the other was minus his right. They seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Indeed, one-legged cyclists seem more enthusiastic wheelmen than folks who have twice as many legs. There is a cyclist in the North Country, A. Ross, of Altries, Maryeulter, who has already ridden close upon eight thousand miles. The longest one-day run was from Altries to Invertrossachs, a distance of about a hundred and thirty miles. Paced by a tandem, he has covered forty-two miles in two hours and a-half.

Prospectuses are floating round just now showing how you can become the owner of a bicycle for two shillings, or, it may be, six shillings. It's all right; but there are little things to be done before the bicycle becomes yours. The scheme is called "snowballing." You send a couple of guineas to the firm for six coupons and a certificate. You put the certificate in a drawer, and then you badger six of your friends to buy those coupons from you at six shillings apiece. They, in their turn, have to send two guineas, and to them is given a certificate and six coupons, and these coupons they, in their turn, sell for six shillings each. Then the next crowd of people have to keep on doing the same. It requires only two or three moves of this "snowball" before thousands of people have invested their money. When a sufficient number of people have invested, No. 1 gets his bicycle; but, if he doesn't sell his coupons, not only does he not get his bicycle, but he also loses his money. The cycle firm, however, comes out on top.

Madame Fanny Moody and her husband, Mr. Charles Manners, who are now touring in the provinces with their opera company, always have with them a "sociable" bicycle. Most mornings they get out into the country for a spin.

We have had any number of cyclists fined for being a danger to pedestrians. Now, at last, we have had a pedestrian fined for being a danger to cyclists. It was at St. Albans. The man, John Toms, loafed about and refused to get out of the way. He was fined 5s. and costs. This is as it should be.

Some time ago we had a cycle marriage in London. This has been capped by a cycle baptism in Brussels. Parents, god-parents, and friends all rode up to church on bicycles. One reads that "the nurse brought the child in a perambulator attached to its father's bicycle." All we want now to make the whole thing complete is a funeral on bicycles, and this, probably, will come in course of time.

Vice-Admiral Seymour, now in command of the British Fleet in China waters, always has a bicycle with him, and whenever opportunity permits he goes on shore for a spin. I don't know any body of men so enthusiastic about cycling as sailors. On every man-of-war you'll generally find that three-fourths of the officers ride. I remember, when I was at Ichang, a little town about twelve hundred miles up the Yangtze River in China, I was having a spin among the grave-mounds of the local cemetery—not perhaps the best cycling-track, but still passable; and there I met Captain Chadwick, who is in command of the little gun-boat *Esk* that goes prowling up and down the Yangtze, also having a spin. It was a strange sight to see a British naval officer taking his evening constitutional astride a wheel among the mounds covering defunct Chinamen.

On another occasion, in a very different part of the world—in Asia Minor—I had been wandering about Tarsus, the birthplace of the Apostle Paul, and I came down to the little seaport of Mersina, hoping to get a coasting-boat to take me to Syria. I was sitting among a crowd of melodramatic, unshaven Turks, when all at once my ear was smitten with a torrent of West American oaths. And there stood a ruddy young American naval officer, swearing in the American language at a Turk,

who, however, didn't understand him. The cruiser *Marblehead* was lying off the coast, and this officer had brought his wheel on shore for a jaunt. When he got eight miles inland, over rough and joggling road, his tyre burst. He got a Turk to carry the bicycle down to the coast, and now the Turk, after the manner of his nation, was wanting six times the agreed price for the service. That naval officer wanted to hit the Turk. He didn't, however, do that; and he then wanted to put his foot through the spokes of his confounded unreliable bicycle. He swore that never, never again would he go wheeling in that gor-darned and blankety-blank country. Yes, naval men are most ardent wheelmen, but sometimes they have inconveniences, like the rest of us.

No doubt, in the days when the rational-costumed lady has lived down the jeer of the small boy, and brought women-innkeepers to a true appreciation of gracefulness in the bifurcated garment, a statue will be erected to the Viscountess Harberton. Lady Harberton is the arch-champion of rationalism, and she really will deserve a statue. But the anti-rationalists might draw even by putting up a monument to Johanna de Stutviele. This lady lived in the thirteenth century. She was a great horsewoman, and on her seal was an impression of a woman riding side-saddle. She may therefore be taken as having been the first to adopt the modest fashion of riding now prevalent among ladies.

The Touring Club of France certainly caters for the comfort of its members far better than any other touring club in the world. And it helps others. It makes frequent benefactions to invalided and aged roadmen. This is excellent. Roadmenders can make a road very uncomfortable for wheelmen; also they can make it comfortable. A little benefaction now and then would effect wonders in keeping our roads in condition; besides, it would be a kindly act. The Touring Club of France keeps an eye on the roadmenders, and makes substantial donations to the benevolent funds in connection with both the cantonniers and the Gendarmerie. As far as I am aware, the Bath-Road Club is the only club in this country that shows a real interest in the roadmenders.

The longer one lives, the more one learns how rash it is to put limits to the possible. A week or two since, I asked in a bantering tone for evidence that the bicycle was a remedy for housemaid's knee. Though this evidence has not yet reached me, I am no longer sceptical that it will. No less learned and competent a body than the French Academy of Medicine has just allowed it to go forth to the world that bicycling, contrary to the opinion almost universally held both by the public and the faculty, is, when certain precautions are observed, one of the best treatments it is possible to follow for the cure of that distressing and very prevalent

complaint, rupture. The bicycle, in fact, is the surgeon's most faithful ally; several instances of astonishing cures effected by its means were discussed by the Academy. I am glad to see that the French medicos admit they were put on the right track by the observations of an Englishman, Dr. Jennings, whose work on the benefits to be derived from the use of the tricycle attracted so much attention when it was published.

The chainless bicycle has hitherto not "caught on." The public have fought shy of the bevel-gears. Now, however, they are to have the opportunity of trying another kind of chainless wheel. It comes from America. Though practically a bevelled gear, it has no relation to the ordinary pattern, inasmuch as all the connecting parts of the gear, instead of having teeth, consist of rolling balls. The balls are drilled through the centre, and revolve on extremely fine steel pins. The balls, in meeting, roll in and out, describing in their motion the shape of the letter "S." I haven't come across one of these new chainless bicycles yet, but it will be interesting to see whether they have any advantages over the serviceable chain or the ordinary bevel-gear.

Cycling is going ahead in South Africa. There are good roads in Cape Town, and it is reckoned there are about two thousand riders. Why doesn't an Afrikander do a long ride? There have been excursions a-wheel round the world. But the ride somebody should now do is from Cape Town to Cairo.



MR. GRAHAM MURRAY.  
Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

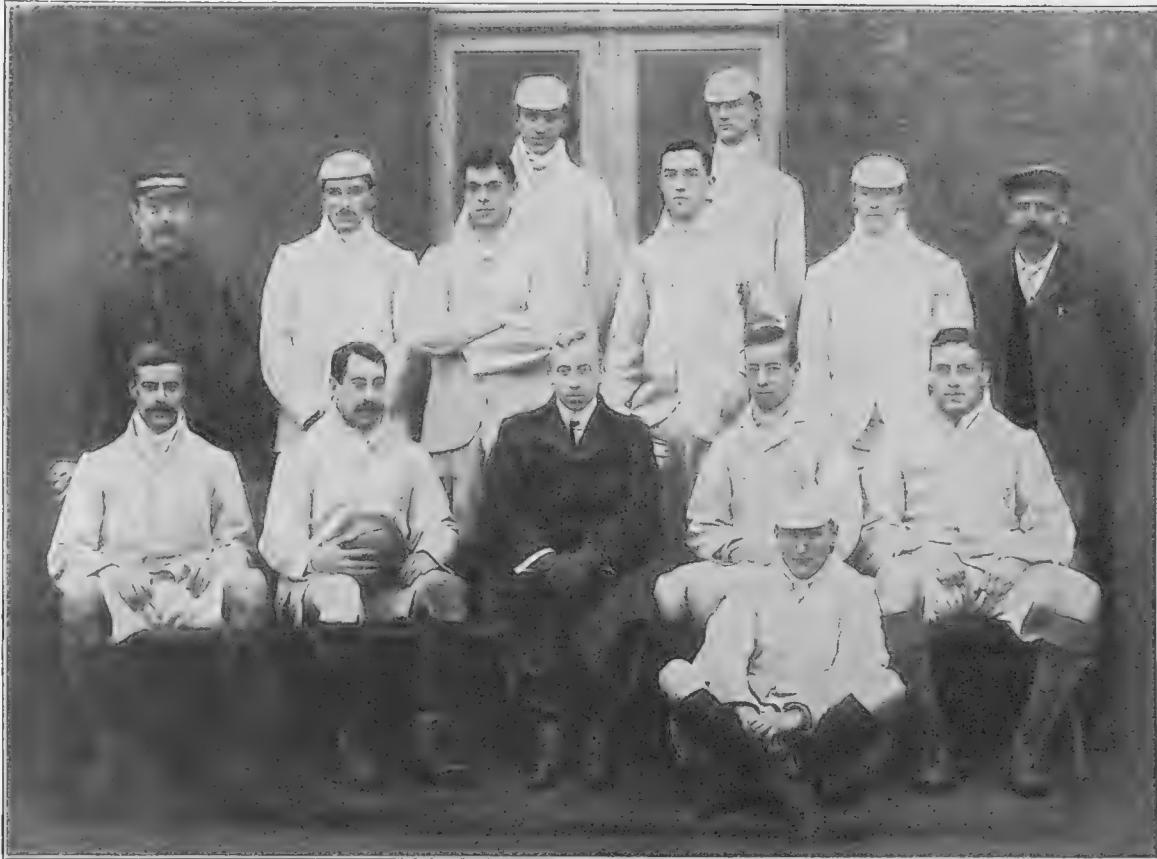
## RACING NOTES.

Accidents to jockeys are far too common. The fact is, the rough riders are sometimes given mounts on animals that should not be allowed on any racecourse, and the consequence is broken bones are cheap to-day.

Captain Simpson (Referee). T. S. Gosling. A. R. Halg-Brown. L. H. Wace. F. D. Cawley. A. B. Wilson. W. S. Masterman. Hayward (Trainer).

Another lot of desperate ruffians, armed with bludgeons, came to the assistance of the desperadoes, who overpowered the soldiers, three of whom were killed. The gang being so formidable, the spectators could afford no assistance; but, on advice being sent to Windsor, a party of the 16th Dragoons and a company of the Stafford Militia instantly marched to Ascot Heath, when, after a desperate resistance, eight of the most notorious of the ring-leaders were arrested, and were marched into Windsor under a strong military escort, and lodged in the guard-room of Windsor Castle. They were sent the next day to Reading Jail, again under military escort. To show what sort of a trade they did at that period, when money was very scarce and worth a great deal more than it is now, I should add that upon one of the prisoners fourteen different papers were found, containing ten guineas each, and a hundred guineas in another parcel, while the others had amounts in proportion.

The London season will last a little longer than usual this year, for the Goodwood meeting does not begin before July 25. The Derby will be run for on the last day of May, and Ascot begins on June 13, which gives eleven clear days between Epsom and the meeting on the Royal Heath. I am glad to hear that Major Clements has the Ascot race-track in good order at last, and if the herbage can be got to grow thick, the going would remain good throughout the four days of the meeting.—CAPTAIN COE.



A. T. Coode.

W. Campbell.

H. O. S. Beasley (Captain).

H. Vickers.  
R. N. R. Blaker.

L. J. Moon.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION TEAM.

Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.

Seeing that the majority of our steeplechase jockeys are so poor, I think the National Hunt Committee might take up my old idea and insist on every jockey being insured against accident. The Committee could easily arrange for the premiums to be paid out of a jockey's earnings, and I am certain one or two of the enterprising assurance companies would be only too glad to get the business. Under existing conditions, directly some jockeys meet with serious accidents the hat has to be passed round to keep their houses going.

My very old friend, Mr. Martin Cobbett, is often writing on racecourse ruffianism, but I contend that matters have improved wonderfully of late years. Let me here relate the story of the doings of a most audacious gang of desperadoes that infested the racecourse on Ascot Heath exactly a hundred years ago for the purpose of pricking the garret, playing at hazard, and a game called "cups and balls." They defrauded an officer's servant out of his money and watch, and, some unfair play being discovered, the man resented the injury, which was warmly taken up by the gang, and upon some of the Staffordshire Militia taking the part of the servant, who belonged to their regiment, a desperate encounter took place.

The twenty-sixth football match between Oxford and Cambridge resulted in the defeat of the former by three goals to one.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION TEAM.  
Photo by Langster, Bond Street, W.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

The mills of the Fashion goddess grind at the moment exceeding small, and, beyond an insignificant detail or two—scarcely excelled in insignificance by the variations of masculine modes—there is little to chronicle of her doings. Lent is, of course, accountable for a state of



A SMART WALKING-DRESS.

coma in colours; but, though quiescent enough on the surface, Dame Fashion is actively engaged elsewhere in forging implements for the season's warfare, and with April days will, no doubt, spring her batteries upon us with a great fanfare of beads and bangles. The opening of the Parliamentary season has enlivened matters in town up to a certain point, but only that, for country-house life seems each year to grow in favour, and people now seize any opportunity that presents itself of giving poor old London the cold shoulder until spring sunshine has somewhat warmed its winter rigours away. Egypt, growing more and more into favour, divides the unemployed prosperous population with Switzerland and the Riviera, so that, having half-a-dozen pleasant possibilities to choose from, it is not surprising that "cold, moist, uncomfortable" London, as Mr. Mantalini might have said, gives way to the superior attractions of these fresh fields, pastures new, and a breathable atmosphere elsewhere to boot. That our grandmothers could ever have sat so quietly at home as they did seems indeed a surprising state of inanition in our up-and-doing nowadays, and I know of one or two conservative old ladies even, still lingering on in a placid round of provincial tea-parties and tambour embroidery, who think this generation exceedingly fussy with its comings and goings and its eternal railway journeyings. Nevertheless, being born in the movement, and so bound over to take part in the universal restlessness, as it were, it cannot be denied that there are compensating clauses written down in the daily diary of to-day which go far to console us for the lost arts of cribbage, self-consciousness, and crochet.

It is during these dull days of forthcoming March wind and rain without, that the after-effects of our philosophy in attending January sales begin to proclaim themselves. An occasional gleam of spring sunshine breaking through the grey monotony hints strongly of the propriety of overhauling our winter wardrobes and furbishing where possible, as well as replacing, where inevitable, the gaps left by our winter campaign. With our greatly be-trimmed and many-coloured phases of present fashion, abounding opportunities are given us of turning to account the pieces of silks or stuffs, embroideries and braids, with which we burdened our willing souls during sale-time. That craving for prey, as someone has called it, which animates our gentle bosoms on remnant-days, for example, has therefore not alone had its past gratification, but its present vindication, in finding the manifold uses to which such treasure-trove can be applied; and so, though we may not set ourselves to entirely refitting our wardrobes while fashions are yet unfulfilled and undeveloped, there is a sufficiency of agreeable frivolity within reach of the most stay-at-home at this juncture in reviewing her "ragged regiment" and restoring its lustre by the application of judicious *demi-saison* stop-gaps.

Blouses, for instance, although deposed from the proud prominence of former seasons, are, for all that and all that, so useful in adapting themselves to a hundred occasions, that I do not think they can ever really go out in the sense of being altogether extinguished. The most favourite form taken by them now for day wear is in the shape of neatly tucked shirts, and herein our remnants of taffetas or surah or muslin will come in very acceptably indeed. What a pity, by the way, we cannot utilise



LACE-TRIMMED AND EMBROIDERED.

our chiffons and lighter fabrics indoors throughout the winter, as American women have an enviable way of doing! But that millennium of house-heating by means of stoves or pipes still remains an unrealised dream to the British householder, who lives and breathes in a dining- or drawing-room at seventy degrees near the fireplace, with a drop of ten degrees in the corners of the same room, or an absolutely Klondyke

atmosphere in hall and unheated bedroom. Some day, I suppose, we shall realise that this state of things has cried aloud half-a-century for remedy, and the builder will build houses that shall be heated throughout, as they are at present in more civilised countries. But, until then, we must possess our shivers in patience, and dress as warmly indoors as out.

Among new spring materials, the shining, smooth-surfaced cloth dyed in palest tints of all the colours holds first place in favour. Also there is an affectionate feeling among the modistes for silk poplins, the best kinds of which come, by the way, from Ireland, where they are made of wool or twisted yarn and silk, instead of cotton and silk, as is the case with the French poplin or bengaline. Cashmere, so far, has had only a success of esteem, to disarrange the neat Gallic phrase, but I am assured by those who know, or, at least, who loudly profess to know, that no material is more sympathetic to the long-trained draperies of the moment, and that, with less robust weather, we shall have cashmere



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE DESIGN.

gowns very much to the front. "Peau de Saxe" is the new shade of beige which, as a fashion, rages fiercely in Paris just now, both for cloth costumes and little spade-basques or open-fronted jackets. For the last three spring seasons the Lutetian mode-makers have tried to bring their public to a practical appreciation of the lighter tones in beige, but only with a mitigated success. This time, however, probably owing to the already pronounced popularity of shiny-surfaced cloths, beige is the colour of the hour, and, given a well-cut gown, with one of the new floral toques, say, in either Neapolitan velvet violets or pale-pink anemones, I know of no prettier or daintier early spring outfit for a well-dressed woman.

Guipures of perforated cloth are coming into general use on smart outdoor gowns of the more elaborate order. I have not seen them in London yet, upon which they may not drop from the lap of the gods until after Easter. But, in Paris, they are even now an agreeable fact, and one of the best dresses I have made acquaintance with was of pale-lavender cloth, with what are called false flounces of openwork cloth guipure in a half-tone deeper, and under them fully gathered frills of white mousseline-de-soie. Such a dress is, of course, too light for

present purposes here, but, no doubt, received a fitting ovation at Monte Carlo, for which cheerful spot it was in all the process of packing up when I saw it. To be worn with it was a biretta toque of white cloth, trimmed with the latest novelty, namely, tulle feathers in mauve. The manner in which these eccentric devices of fashion are made is an evidently intricate one. They are composed of fluffings of tulle stuck on the stem or shaft of an ostrich feather, on which tufts of the curly plume are attached, giving it, particularly when rendered in white, a very charming effect—just, in fact, as if flakes of snow had settled down on one's headgear. Never have the roses been lovelier than they are this season when used in millinery. The present taste inclines to very large sizes, and little theatre-toques are made to look enchantingly coquettish by the union of two or at most three of these big, charming blooms, with a twist of tulle or mousseline just to give them the semblance of millinery. They suit both fair and dark women alike, and are, in fact, a safe purchase for golden-haired or dusky beauty. The mere mention of "colouring" reminds one that with March winds, however valuable to farmers, we shall have an enemy to combat on account of our complexions, and one that needs, too, very definite measures of self-protection to set at naught. The scented subtleties of Crème Simon are, however, of so effectual a nature as to completely defy the most inveterate east wind that ever chafed the cuticle of lily-white maid. Above all, it is not a greasy emollient, a complaint which applies to so many otherwise praiseworthy skin-washes and cosmetics. It whitens and softens the skin to an astonishing perfection of texture, and communicates not alone that much-sighed-for velvety texture, but a delicious and lasting perfume as well, which makes it the most agreeable, as it undoubtedly is the most efficacious, of skin-tonics. Perhaps the most delicious form of hot bath, particularly following a journey, a dance, or other fatiguing occasion, is one into which a bottle of Crème Simon has been emptied. It gives a softness, elasticity, and perfume to the skin which are indeed a very full reward of the small expenditure involved. Another production which women who are careful of their appearance should know of is the Poudre Simon. It is very daintily scented, guaranteed free from the obnoxious bismuth, and gives a soft, velvety appearance frequently promised by other powders, but very seldom vouchsafed. The particular qualities of Crème Simon are to a certain extent preserved in a fragrant soap of the same name, which, like its fellow preparations, can now be obtained in England from any first-rate chemist. Bicyclists and travellers who are restricted in the matter of luggage can also obtain little flacons de voyage daintily put up, which, of all other travelling impedimenta, will in use prove the most indispensable.

Though often moved to the most extravagant praise when something new strikes agreeably on our receptive imaginations, we are not a little apt to forget gratitude for the real benefits which long use has made familiar. Chiefest, perhaps, amongst our daily needs for which acknowledgment is due, comes surely the invaluable extract of Liebig. In remembering, however, the benighted days when it was a laborious and expensive undertaking to concoct beef-tea, and when, moreover, not one cook in a dozen could satisfactorily perform this primary act of cookery, one somewhat realises what we owe to the savoury, excellent, inexpensive, and quickly made Liebig. Only the finest four-year-old oxen are employed in providing mankind with this health-giving ambrosia, and, in the face of many imitations, Baron Liebig's famous extract still commands the world as its audience. From all of which the usual household moral may very well be deduced of never being without it on our pantry shelves.

Infantile prodigies have more or less ceased to be prodigious in view of the generous numbers of embryo geniuses with which Nature has endowed the moribund century. Nevertheless, there is a Marie in miniature at the Empire who amused me mightily some evenings since, and who is emphatically worth seeing, while Lina Verdi's imitations of Marguerite Corneille and Phyllis Rankin are alone worth a visit to this hall of light and leading.

Two tailor-mades and a reception-toilette make up the shapely sum-total of our illustrations this week. Chenille embroidery over white satin explains the ornamentation of one trim and tightly buttoned frock; another, of lavender-coloured cloth, and pleated sleeves and collar of silk to match, makes a graceful version of the all-round useful dress equally suitable either for morning or afternoon wear. For occasions of invitation or those calling for an emphasised display of finery, the third toilette proclaims itself eminently suitable. It is made of dull beige-coloured peplin embroidered with black chenille, silk, and sequins. The flounces are of ivory mousseline-de-soie similarly decorated. The hat, of Neapolitan velvet violets, has a bow of old-rose miroir velvet. *Voilà tout!* and a very personable all it is.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENT.—You will get the Indian muslin blouses at Jay's, and Mr. Lee, of Wigmore Street, has also some very pretty specimens.

YOUNG Matron (Langham Hotel).—Yes, your ideas of parlour-maid liveries are very complete indeed! How nice to be a parlour-maid in your service—  
SYBIL.

#### NOTE.

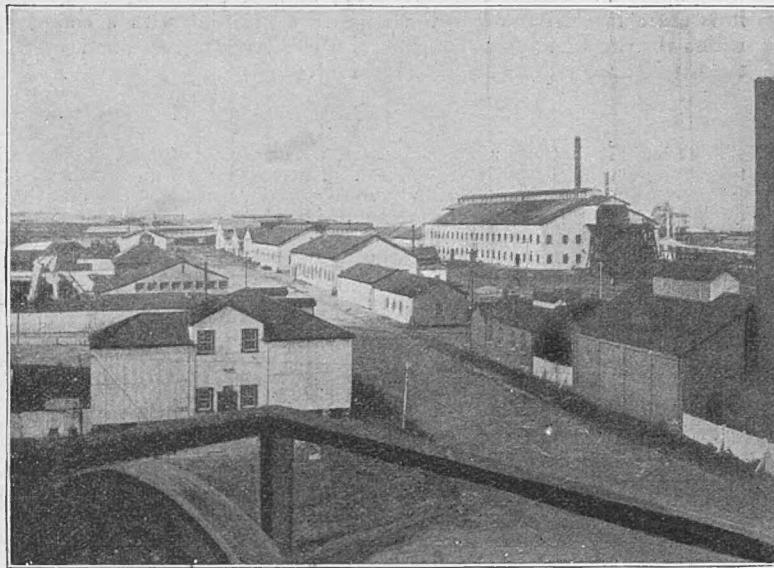
*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 8.*

## THE HOME RAILWAY MARKET.

The South-Eastern and Chatham amalgamation was evidently born to trouble. A newspaper hurricane was aroused but the other day over monopoly fears, which seized the Southern towns that have the misfortune to be served by the two now so friendly companies. Chatham Ordinary and Dover "A" slowly recovered from the effect of the



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GOLD-MINE—THE SIMMER AND JACK.  
Photo by H. Law, Johannesburg.

agitation upon the publication by the joint Committee of wholesale promises that the present service and fares should be maintained, while hints were also thrown out as to reforms at present *in nubibus*. Beyond this little diversion, the Home Railway Market has had little or nothing to talk about except the coquetry of the District Company and anticipations of the two Scotch Companies' dividends. All the declarations have now been made with the exception of this latter pair, and Home Rails are quietly settling down to their accustomed dulness.

It is in quiet times such as these that the investor finds his best opportunities. In periods of speculation, be it of boom or slump, there is always danger of following the fashion, which usually ends with unforeseen consequences to the operator. Listless business, however, is an ill-wind that blows good to a wary investor, for it enables him to take stock of what is likely to happen in the future, when activity becomes once more the order of the day. To take the heavier Railway stocks, there seems very good prospect of a rise in Brighton "A." "Berthas" have long since lost their gambling nature; they receive a steady dividend, and the yield at to-day's price is about 3½ per cent. on the money. Given a successfully managed Paris Exhibition, the line should derive considerable benefit from this source, before the actual year as well as during it.

For enterprise, the North-Eastern Company stands in the primary rank—in fact, the "Berwick" Railway seems to have caught the same robust spirit of extension that animates the Caledonian. The latter, hampered as it has been in the past, is now improving itself in every direction, and, among the speculative stocks, "Coras" (Caledonian Deferred) at 55 command our respect. The time may be some years ahead before the self-improvement of the line shows a definite return to the shareholders, but, even if the present dividend be merely maintained, the yield is over 3½ per cent., and the price leaves plenty of space for a rise. Metropolitan Consolidated, now in the neighbourhood of 126, looks a promising venture, and, if the District is to be absorbed by the Great Western, the Metropolitan will probably benefit by the new arrangement between the two companies with whom it is now so closely associated.

Cheap money is, of course, a prominent factor in considering the future of Home Rails, but this is more or less transient, a feature for the speculator to ponder rather than the investor. It is to the latter that our remarks in this note are more particularly addressed.

## OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

The following letter from our Johannesburg Correspondent deals with some of the interesting problems which confront the mining engineers of the Rand. If our readers are anxious to follow the line of reasoning taken up by our correspondent, they should refer to one of the many good maps of the Johannesburg district, upon which they would at once see the importance of the questions involved.

## THE EAST RAND AND THE KAFFIR BOOM.

East Rand properties figured very conspicuously in the last Kaffir boom, and the boom of 1899 is again directing a vast amount of attention the same way. Our knowledge of the reefs of the district has been considerably increased by means of bore-holes and otherwise since 1895, but there are still a few enigmas to be solved, and it would certainly have been better, for the sake of the public, if the common store of information had been still further increased

before the present mad boom was entered upon. As it is, men here in Johannesburg—and in London too—are gambling in various East Rand properties at fancy prices, yet no two men will agree as to which properties beyond the New Blue Sky carry the Main Reef series.

Four years ago there were some who still declined to correlate the North and South Reefs of the East Rand Proprietary with the Main Reef series of the central section of the Rand. We have advanced a step. No one now questions that it is the identical Main Reef series up to the eastern boundary of the New Blue Sky. But beyond that we are comparatively in the dark, hence the danger of the public speculating wildly in properties of which they can know very little more than their names.

A frequent argument in favour of the more shady class of properties is that mining men care nothing for the name or correlation of any reef so long as it pays to mill. This is true, and there would be no need to cavil at the new reefs which are being found on the East Rand every week if they would all pay to work. A good many of these new reefs, it is to be feared, will never pay; but if we can only be sure which line of reef is the Main Reef series, then we have the strongest reason for presuming that there, at any rate, is payable country, and the speculator or investor may be preserved from loss if he can in this way be saved from putting his money into new and untried reefs, or reefs familiar at other parts of the Rand but never known to show payable results.

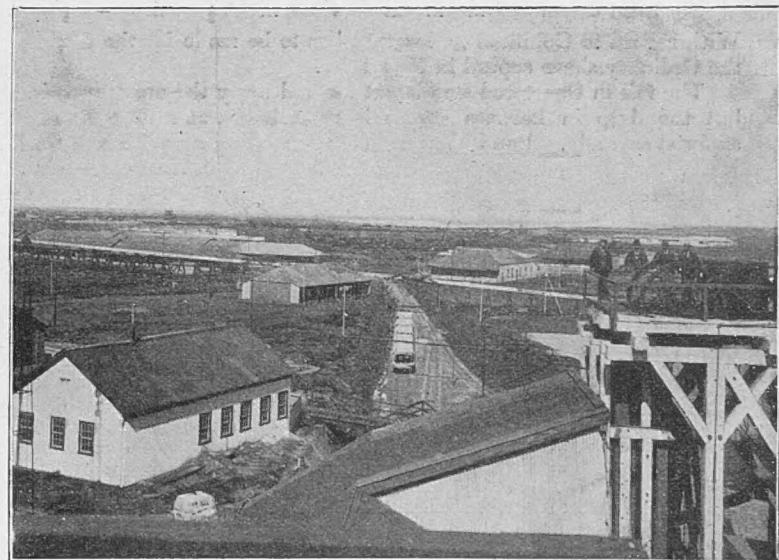
The generally accepted theory up till now is that the line of Main Reef extends from the New Blue Sky to Klipfontein, and very possibly beyond. This theory gives the reef a north-easterly strike from somewhere about the neighbourhood of Boksburg, and it implies that the ore bodies found on the Apex, Benoni, Chimes, Kleinfontein, Van Ryn, Modderfontein, Modderfontein Extension, and Klipfontein belong presumably to the Main Reef series. This theory may be said to have attained its greatest popularity towards the end of the 1895 boom, when Modderfontein, with its twelve hundred supposed Main Reef claims, was regarded as a second East Rand Proprietary, the shares going to £18, and Klipfonteins touching 95s. There was a reaction, of course, and the belief in Modderfontein and Klipfontein being Main Reef properties must have pretty well fizzled out when the shares went a-begging at 50s. and 6s. respectively. Again we find the shares of these companies on the spin, Modderfonteins showing the pace, as they did in 1894-95; and again we shall surely hear that the true line of Main Reef extends to Modderfontein and Klipfontein.

But there are rival theories now. Six or eight miles to the south of Modderfontein, on the farm Witpoort, what is described as the Main Reef series has been located in a bore-hole. This gives a south-westerly strike to the reef beyond Boksburg. It is exceedingly improbable that the Main Reef series can exist at workable depths both on Modderfontein and Witpoort, and one is puzzled to know which is Main Reef and which is something else. But the puzzle becomes all the greater when we consider this: Drawing a line straight east of Boksburg, you intersect the Brakpan Coalfield, and here again, at a point about midway between the Modderfontein Mine and the Witpoort bore-hole, there are said to be evidences of Main Reef also at a moderate depth. Continuing the line further east through President Kruger's farm, Geduld, lately ceded to a German syndicate, we intersect a country in which the diamond drill has recently discovered reefs, also believed to belong to the Main Reef series, at moderate depths. Which is Main Reef and which is not? The reefs to the south are very probably the Bird series and Kimberley series, and, as these ore bodies, found on other parts of the Rand at some distance from the Main Reef, have never yet been proved to be payable, the value of some of the discoveries on the East Rand may have been overrated.

On Brakpan, the property of the Transvaal Coal Trust, the drill has struck what is evidently the Bird series at 1130 feet, and, going by the dip of the strata, the Main Reef is expected to be got at 2600 feet. Assuming that the Modderfontein series is distinct from the Main Reef, as some believe, it may be got at about 2000 feet. The evidence afforded by the bore-hole will be exceedingly instructive and valuable, especially when the results are compared with those got from other bores, particularly those on Geduld and the Chimes Mines, the latter the property of the Barnato Consolidated, and situated immediately above the Brakpan bore. Should Main Reef be proved at 2600 feet on Brakpan, what comes of the Witpoort strike some miles to the south?

It is not impossible to conceive the series having been upheaved so as to form a huge overlap, or series of overlaps, such as are to be found on other parts of the Rand, or the exploded basin theory may be revived by the geological faddists, but the common-sense view is that the Witpoort strike represents something else than Main Reef. Time will tell whether the strike has any practical value.

Meanwhile, the coal properties around Brakpan are being boomed wildly, on the supposition that the conglomerates will be found underlying the coal measures. The shares of the Apex Company, on the same imaginary straight



SIMMER AND JACK MINE.—RAILWAY FROM SHAFT TO MILL.  
Photo by H. Law, Johannesburg.

line drawn eastwards from Boksburg, have also begun to look up, while by-and-by the Boksburg Gold Mines, adjoining the Apex, will be once more trotted out. It is a little significant that the Consolidated Gold Fields disposed of its large blocks of shares in the Apex and Boksburg last year. The Gold Fields is very far from being always right in its share deals, yet it is guided by the best

expert advice. It would be interesting for the other shareholders to know why it sold out of the two companies named.

The photographs represent two different views of the world's biggest gold-producer—the Simmer and Jack, which has now 280 stamps at work, and will shortly have 320.

#### FOREIGN SECURITIES.

Holders of Argentines have nothing to find fault with in the fortune brought to them by 1899. The two stocks which are dealt in most extensively on the London Market—namely, the Funding and Buenos Ayres Waterworks loans—both command higher prices than the top quotations of last year, and the Cedula issues have enjoyed a small boom all to themselves. It is a distinctly encouraging sign to notice what comparatively slight influence is exercised over the Argentine loans by the fluctuations of the gold premium. Twelve months ago, the premium was marked each day as anxiously as Kaffirs watched Kruger, and to its rapid fall in the later months of last year can, of course, be traced the origin of the rise in Argentine stocks. Now, however, the market affects to pretty well disregard the fluctuations of the price of gold in Buenos Ayres, and the general tendency is to look for higher prices as the country's politics, external and internal, become more and more settled. On the other hand, Brazilian issues show an inclination to hang fire, although here also prices are not far off last year's highest points. The exchange is causing a good deal of anxiety to holders, and Paris is a large dabbler in Brazilian stocks. The political crisis in that capital gave rise to "bearish" anticipations of wholesale sales on behalf of the French, but we have not seen very much of those sales so far.

Chinese stocks naturally suffered at the idea of a fresh Railway row in that distressful country. The new Railway Scrip fell to a fraction over 1 premium, and at that price the bold investor who did not get all he applied for three weeks ago might increase his holding to advantage. Egyptian stocks are unmoved at the publication of the excellent Budget, revealing a surplus in the Balance Sheet when level sides had been expected. A little interest has been attracted to French 3 per cent. Rentes, but steadiness under political fire has left the price at 102. Spanish Fours are well upheld by the groups interested; 'twould never do to have a slump in Spanish just before the reorganisation of the country's finances. The present price, however, looks high, especially if it allows a profit upon a previous purchase. Turkish "Groups" are quiet; Series II. looks the likeliest for a rise. We should not be astonished to see it advance to half-a-century before very long.

#### KAFFIR BOOMS: A COMPARISON.

'Twas in Sweet September, 'Ninety-Five, that the last Kaffir Boom swelled to its full zenith. The tremendous excitement of nearly twelve months had forced prices up to values that were no values at all considered intrinsically. The game could not last for ever: a fall was imminent, and the man's hand that darkened the horizon was to be revealed in the following month, in shape of the ill-starred Barnato Bank. Close upon the heels of that precious institution followed the Jameson Raid, and prices fell with crash during the early months of 1896.

Let us compare notes of prices ruling in the heyday of the 1895 boom with those of the last Making-up Price-list. Amongst Land and parental companies we select the following representative shares—

	Making-up Price.	Sept. 24, 1895.	Feb. 21, 1899.	Fall.
Anglo-French	7 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 $\frac{5}{8}$	...	- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Barnato Consols	5 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 $\frac{9}{16}$	...	- 2 $\frac{1}{16}$
British South Africa	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 $\frac{7}{16}$	...	- 5 $\frac{1}{16}$
Goldfields South Africa	16 $\frac{3}{16}$	8 $\frac{3}{8}$	...	- 7 $\frac{1}{16}$
Henderson's Transvaal	4 $\frac{1}{16}$	1 $\frac{5}{16}$	...	- 3 $\frac{3}{16}$
Johannesburg Investment	5 $\frac{13}{16}$	2 $\frac{1}{8}$	...	- 3 $\frac{11}{16}$
London-Paris	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{16}$	...	- 2 $\frac{1}{16}$
South Africa Gold Trust	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{5}{16}$	...	- 3 $\frac{1}{16}$
East Rand	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	...	- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rand Mines	45 $\frac{1}{4}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	- 1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Randfontein	4	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	- $\frac{1}{2}$

With regard to Goldfields, allowance has to be made for the doubling of the Ordinary share-capital in May 1897.

The fall in Chartered stands out far and away the most prominently, but the drop in Barnato shares is remarkable, and East Rands have suffered severely. Rand Mines, since the making-up price was fixed last week, have aspired to nearly their '95 figures, and Anglo-French, as we write, are fifteen shillings up on the week. But, allowing for these rises, the present Kaffir boom has a good deal of leeway to make up before the prices of three-and-a-half years ago are reached.

Turning to Gold shares, the same feature is again apparent. In very few cases down the list are to-day's quotations ahead of those touched during the last boom. We take a dozen shares at random, and this is what we find—

	Making-up Price.	Sept. 24, 1895.	Feb. 21, 1899.	Fluctuation.
Angelo	6 $\frac{7}{8}$	8 $\frac{1}{8}$	...	+ 1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Buffelsdoorn	9 $\frac{1}{8}$	12s.	...	- £8 10s. 6d.
Heriots	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{8}$	...	- 3 $\frac{3}{8}$
Jumpers	8	5 $\frac{1}{4}$	...	- 2 $\frac{1}{8}$
Knights	10	7 $\frac{1}{4}$	...	- 2 $\frac{3}{4}$
Langlaagte	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	...	- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Modderfontein	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	- 2 $\frac{3}{4}$
New African	10	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Transvaal Gold	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	...	- 8 $\frac{1}{4}$
Van Ryn	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	...	- 5
West Rand	3	4	...	- 2 $\frac{1}{4}$
Wolhuter	11 $\frac{1}{8}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	- 4 $\frac{3}{4}$

A loss in every case save one is the result. The tremendous shrinkage in Buffelsdoorn is closely followed by a fall of over eight points in Transvaal Gold Mining Estates, but it is only fair to add that special influences have been at work in each case which account in some measure

for the collapse. As regards the rest of the list, however, the companies are, in several instances, doing much better than they were in 1895, yet the loss in share values is enormous.

#### "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AND "SKETCH," LIMITED.

Many correspondents ask us for our opinion upon the shares of this company, and we are, therefore, obliged to make publicly the announcement that it would not be either seemly or fitting that we should pronounce any opinion upon these shares, either for investment or speculation, and we must request our correspondents to refrain from asking us to give an opinion upon them. We might be supposed to know a great deal more than we really do of the financial position from time to time, and, on serious reflection, we are obliged to say, once for all, that it is quite impossible for us to advise in connection with a company in which the proprietors of this paper have a large interest, and by whom the City Editor is paid his modest salary.

#### ISSUE.

The Balla Balla Copper Mines, Limited, with a capital of £250,000, is offering to the public 100,000 shares of £1 each. The company is formed to work three copper-mining leases in the North-Western part of Australia, which are reported upon by Mr. J. Angove, who has had considerable experience of copper-mining at the famous Rio Tinto, and ought to know what he is talking about. There are also reports by Mr. F. M. Perkins, Mr. C. H. Wilson, and Mr. G. A. Tee, from which it appears that the ore is not only rich in copper, but yields, as by-products, both gold and silver. The copper revival of the last twelvemonth has induced the opening up of mines in various parts of the world, and, with the metal at over £70 a ton, there ought to be no doubt that, if the rich lodes that exist on the surface of this company's properties continue in depth, it should have as prosperous a future as the famous Wallaroo and Moonta Mines of South Australia.

Saturday, Feb. 25, 1899.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. A.—Your letter has been handed to the Editor; it has nothing to do with these columns.

Y.—We sent you a prospectus. We do not like the amount of book-debts appearing in the balance-sheet to which you refer; otherwise, it reads well. We hope you will do well out of the allotment, but please remember we have not recommended the shares.

BASKETS.—Your list is, on the whole, satisfactory. We do not like 4 and 5. The rest are pretty sure dividend-payers.

F. M.—Thanks for your letter. We meant you to sell at once, but, at any rate, get out on the first favourable chance.

FAIRPORT.—We are unable to learn anything reliable of the company.

H. W. E.—Thank you for your letter. We would willingly have answered you in the paper, but you asked for a private letter. As to your list, we like for investment Nos. 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, and 16. Of No. 1 we know little, while Nos. 4, 9, 12, and 13 are all good speculative shares. We say nothing of No. 3, as to which it would be indecent of us to give an opinion.

MANDALAY.—The Webley and Scott meeting was not encouraging. We should sell. Birmingham, not London, is the best market. As to the other concern, it was over-capitalised; but we are inclined to think the Deferred will go better rather than worse. The business is a fine one, and the Ordinary shares are a reasonable investment.

NOTTINGHAM.—(1) See last answer. The report of the meeting was in the *Financial News* of the 22nd inst. The price of Pref. is £3 to £4, and of Ordinary £2 to £3. The best market is in Birmingham. We will make inquiries there and let you know the result next week. (2) Yes, but probably the company will refuse to register transfer until the certificates are ready.

ALPHA.—We have sent you the brokers' names and hope you will find them satisfactory.

SPES.—If you mean to hold for a reasonable time, all the first five on your list are fair speculative investments. We should not sell 1, 2, and 3 at present. Nos. 4 and 5 are very high, which is the only objection to purchase. As to No. 6, we hear the concern is doing well, but the mild season has been against mantles and furs. You will be pretty sure to get a dividend, but we doubt the price going up.

ONE IN DOUBT.—(1) Don't deposit a penny with the "bank" you name. Try the Birkbeck Bank. (2) Nobody knows anything about this here. Inquire in Glasgow. The trade is in a bad way on account of over-production.

J. R.—We hear the company is doing splendidly. Offer 15s. 6d. for the shares. The interim dividend was 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The financial year ends, we think, on March 31.

A. M.—Your letter should have been answered last week. We apologise for overlooking it. Nothing of value has been found on this property, which belongs to the Barnato group. The remarks we made three or four years ago were in consequence of information given us personally by the late head of the firm.